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The Book-Lover's Library.

BOOK- VERSE

AN

ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS OF BOOKS AND BOOKMEN FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO RECENT YEARS

EDITED BY

W. ROBERTS

Author of "The Bookhunter in London," "The Earlier History of English Bookselling," "Printers' Marks," etc.

"And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.'
CHAUCER, *The Assembly of Foules*

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PREFACE.

THE present volume is the pendant to "Book-Song," edited by Mr. Gleeson White and published in the BOOK-LOVER'S LIBRARY series two years ago. I am obliged to Mr. Gleeson White for several examples which were not sufficiently modern for his collection, which is comprised almost exclusively of verse written by living authors. The arrangement of the poems in this collection is chronological, but in instances where an author has written two or more sets of verses in praise of books, these have been kept together. In several cases it has not been possible to ascertain the exact date at which a particular poem

was first written or printed. A few miscellaneous pieces are included together at the end of the volume. So many various readings exist of several of the poems quoted herein, that sometimes it has been no easy matter to decide which to select. Where, as in the case of Chaucer, the quaint old spelling adds a piquancy or expression to the lines, the text has not been interfered with; in a few cases, however, the orthography has been slightly modernised.

W. R.

86, GROSVENOR ROAD, S.W.
Dec. 21, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN one comes to think of it, the spectacle of a poet singing in praise of books is a perfectly rational sight; and even the somewhat laboured commonplaces of the ordinary booklover, whose manifestly genuine passion often leads him too far astray from his native element, are perfectly excusable. Poems about books are excusable, not only because they are true both in substance and in fact, but because they have an antiquity which casts a glamour of sanctity about the most ordinary thing. Poets have sung the praises of books for almost as long a period as they have sung the deeds of heroes, the beauty of women, and the charm of flowers; and book-song as an institution is therefore by

no means the product of an age so barren of poetic ideals as the present. Like every other phase of literature, it has passed through many crises, some of which have been anything but favourable to it.

Both Catullus and Martial wrote much poetry either in praise of or relating to books and book-collectors. Catullus in his charming little poem *Ad Cornelium Nepotem*, which begins with "Quoi dono lepidum novum libellum," was one of the first to regard books as a subject for verse; his own volume he described as "fresh polised with dry pumice stone"; and in his song to Camerius we get one of the earliest references to the bookstaller:—

"We pray, an' haply irk it not when prayed,
Show us where shadowed hidest thou in shade!
Thee throughout Campus Minor sought we all,
Thee in the Circus, thee in each bookstall,
Thee in Almighty Jove's fane consecrate.
Nor less in promenade titled from The Great
(Friend!) I accosted each and every quean,
But mostly madams showing mien serene,
For thee I pestered all with many pleas—
'Give me Camérius, wanton baggages!'"
(*Sir Richard Burton's translation.*)

In another ode, this time addressed to Calvus, who had presented him with the works of some obscure author, Catullus threatens him with a present of equal worthlessness, for which,

> "Let but the morn appear, I'll run
> To every bookstall in the town."

Horace's address to his book in his first Epistle is so modern in spirit that it might have been written only yesterday. Martial, like so many other ancient authors, had a very pleasant opinion of his own talents, and of the value of his own books:—

> "Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,
> Toto notus in orbe Martialis,
> Argutis Epigrammaton libellis"—
> (*Epigrammatum* lib. i., 2.)

an opinion which he follows up with very minute directions as to where his volume may be purchased—of Secundus the freedman of the learned Lucensis, behind the threshold of Pax and the forum of Pallas. Martial appears to have been troubled with a number of friends who preferred borrowing the poet's books to buying them. He has, for example,

held up his friend Lupercus to the obloquy of succeeding generations as one of these mean-spirited creatures :—

"Occurris quotiens, Luperce, nobis,
Vis mittam puerum, subinde dicis,
Cui tradas Epigrammaton libellum,
Lectum quem tibi protinus remittam ?
Non est, quod puerum, Luperce, vexes.
Longum est, si velit ad Pyrum venire,
Et scalis habito tribus, sed altis.
Quod quæris, propius petas licebit.
Argi nempe soles subire letum,
Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,
Scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,
Omnes ut cito perlegas poëtas.
Illinc me pete ; nec roges Atrectum :
Hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernæ ;
De primo dabit, alterove nido,
Rasum pumice, purpuraque cultum,
Denariis tibi quinque Martialem.
Tanti non es, ais ? Sapis, Luperce."
(lib. i., 118.)

Mr. Putnam, in his interesting book on *Authors and their Public*, has rendered these verses into the following prose : "Every time you meet me, Lupercus, you say something about sending a slave to my house to borrow a volume of my Epigrams. Do not give your slave the trouble. It is a long

distance to my part of the city, and my rooms are high up on the third story. You can get what you want close to your abode. You often visit the quarter of the Argiletum. You will find there, near the square of Cæsar, a shop the doors of which are covered on both sides with the names of poets, so arranged that you can at a glance run over the list. Enter there and mention my name. Without waiting to be asked twice, Atrectus, the master of the shop, will take from his first or second shelf a copy of Martial, well finished, and beautifully bound with a purple cover, and this he will give you in exchange for five deniers. What! Do you say it is not worth the price? O wise Lupercus!"

A certain Fidentius appears also to have aroused the poet's ire, inasmuch as the said person, in reciting Martial's verses, always spoke of them as his own. "If you are willing to credit them to me," says Martial, "I will send them to you gratis. If, however, you wish to have them called your verses, you had better buy them, when they will no longer belong to me":—

"Fama refert nostros te, Fidentine, libellos
Non aliter populo, quam recitare tuos.
Si mea vis dici; gratis tibi carmina mittam.
Si dici tua vis; hæc eme, ne mea sint."
(lib. i., 3.)

Several other scraps of bookish verse may be extracted from Martial's poems, in one of which we learn that his books had already reached Britain, a rumour which the poet meets with the practical inquiry of *cui bono?* "My purse knows nothing of it":—

"Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus.
Quid prodest? nescit sacculus ista meus."
(lib. xi., 30.)

Dr. Garnett has thus rendered another of Martial's *Epigrams*:—

"In spite of hints, in spite of looks,
Titus, I send thee not my books.
The reason, Titus, canst divine?
I fear lest thou shouldst send me thine."

Another is thus rendered in a little-known translation of the Latin poet's *Epigrams*, published in London, 1695:—

"Whose chance it is to take in hand this book,
In the satiric mirror let him look."

On the reverse of the title-page of this translation is written :—

"Whose chance it was to write this wretched book,
In the satiric mirror ne'er did look,
Wherein the witless author plain might see
Himself, from every spark of genius free."

Then, "To the Reader," still in manuscript :—

"Reader, if thou hast griefs to make thee weep,
Take but this book, and read thyself to sleep."

As an illustration from Ovid, we may quote the following exceedingly curious rendering from Chaucer's *Boke of the Duchesse*, of the *Metamorphoses* XI., on the subject of "Reading in Bed":—

"So whanne I saught I might not slepe,
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I sate upright,
And bade one reche me a boke,
A romauns, and he it me toke
To rede, and drive the nighte aweye :
For me thought it better pleye,
Than either atte chesse or tables.
And in this boke were written fables,
That clerkes hadde in olde time,
And other poets, put in rime
To rede, and for to be in minde."

Scarcely any important set of verses about books appears to have been preserved to us for seven or eight centuries after the commencement of the Christian era. In the eighth century Alcuin wrote an exceedingly interesting set of "bookish" instructions relative to the duties at his Scriptorium in the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he improved and preserved for us the set of verses which, in some form or other, served as a perpetual notice to the workers in the Scriptoria. The verses run as follows; they are No. 67 of the *Carmina*:—

"AD MUSÆUM LIBROS SCRIBENTIUM.

"Hic sedeant sacræ scribentes famina legis,
Nec non sanctorum dicta sacrata Patrum,
Hæc interserere caveant sua frivola verbis,
Frivola nec propter erret et ipsa manus:

"Correctosque sibi quærant studiose libellos,
Tramite quo recto penna volantis eat,
Per cola distinguant proprios, et commata sensus,
Et punctos ponant ordine quosque suo.

"Ne vel falsa legat, taceat vel forte repente,
Ante pios fratres, lector in Ecclesia.
Est opus egregium sacros jam scribere libros,
Nec mercede sua scriptor et ipse caret.

" Fodere quam vites, melius est scribere libros,
Ille suo ventri serviet, iste animæ.
Vel nova, vel vetera poterit proferre magister
Plurima, quisque legit dicta sacrata Patrum."

Prior to the establishment of this Scriptorium, Alcuin had the charge of a large library formed by his friend Egbert of York, and the rhymed list of the works to be found there has been described as the oldest Catalogue in the annals of literature. A translation of it by D. McNicoll is given in Timperley's *Dictionary of Printers and Printing*, p. 45.

From the death of Alcuin to the introduction of printing by movable types is a space of about six and a half centuries. That long period was productive of very little in the way of verse about books, certainly nothing that could be ranked by the side of Alcuin's *Carmina LXVII.*, the Latin verses "Of Writing in Gold" by Eraclitus (Theophili *De Diversis Artibus*, iii., c. xcvi., p. 392), scarcely coming within the scope of this little volume; the same may also be said of the well-known reference in Dante's *Divina Commedia* ("Purgatory," c. xi., vv. 74-90). The *Speculum*

Salutis, or *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, which was popular as a manuscript at least two centuries before the invention of typography—Heinecken describes an example in the Vienna Imperial Library which he attributes to the twelfth century—is one of the most interesting books of the Middle Ages. The printed edition contains forty-five chapters of Latin rhymes, including the following four lines :—

" Predictum prohemium huius libri de contentis compilavi
Et propter pauperes predicatores hoc apponere curavi.
Qui si forte nequierunt totum librum sibi comparare,
Possunt ex ipso prohemio si sciunt historias predicare."

Englished thus :—

' This preface of contents, stating what this book's about,
For the sake of all poor preachers I have fairly written out.
If the purchase of the book entire should be above their reach,
This preface yet may serve them, if they know but how to preach."

In an early thirteenth-century MS. *Mir-*

acles of the Virgin, a collection of tales in octosyllabic verse translated from the Latin into French, we get an Epilogue which contains not only the name of the author, but a variety of other information of particular interest in relation to the history of books:—

> "Cest escrit fine deu merci
> Selunc le liure mestre albri."

Somewhat later in date than the *Miracles*, we get, in a metrical version of the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Petrus Alfunsi, an exceedingly interesting Prologue from the translator, in which the following lines occur:—

> "Pierres Anfors qui fist le livre,
> Mostra qu'il deveit sens escrivre:
> Quer Dieu tot avant mercia
> Qant il son livre comença,
> Del bien et del entendement
> Que il a doné à sa gent.
> Après mostra dont tracereit,
> Por quoi et coment le fereit:
> Puis fist envers Deu s'oreison
> Si comme esteit dreit et reison.
> Quant il out finé sa préiere
> Si comença en tel maniere."[1]

[1] It may be interesting to point out that the author of the *Disciplina Clericalis* was a Jew who

Some time ago the *Athenæum* made the interesting announcement that M. Lognon, of the Institut, had discovered in the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale, rebound and classed under the erroneous title *Roman de Camel et de Hermondine*, the lengthy romance of *Meliador*, probably the last romance of the Round Table, written by Froissart in 1383, and containing, besides some thirty thousand lines of Froissart's muse, all the lyrics of Wenceslas de Brabant:—

> "Dedans ce roman sont encloses
> Toutes les chançons que jadis
> (Dont l'âme soit en paradys)
> Que fist le bon Duc de Braibant,
> Wincelaus, dont on parla tant."

Among the numerous MS. treasures of the Hamilton Library, sold at Sotheby's in May 1889, was one of the most beautiful of the

became converted to Christianity; he was born in 1062 at Huesca, in the kingdom of Aragon. The *Disciplina* belongs to the end of the eleventh or the early part of the twelfth century; but the translation from the original Latin from which we quote belongs to the thirteenth century. This translation was edited and published for the first time in full by the Abbé Labouderie, Paris, 1824.

many existing manuscripts of the *Roman de la Rose* (14th century). On the last leaf the "Explicit li Rommans la Rose" is carefully scratched out, and the following verses, probably by another hand than the artist of the book, substituted :—

"Cyest le Romant de la Rose,
Ou tout lart damours se repose.
La fleur des beaulx bien dire lose.
Qui bien y entend texte et glose.
Aucuns blasment quil nest en prose
Mes le moyne castel soppose.
Quatrement soit pour nulle chose
Car tout grant clerc qui se dispose.
Dentendre la Substance enclose.
Dedans. Et les vers pointe et pose
Sauoure et gouste en longue pose
Tout ainsi que lacteur propose.
En ryme et sens et se compose.
Est bien digne quon le despose.
Et que silence on luy Impose
Qui Rien y contredit ou glose."

Another French MS., a translation into French of Dante's *Paradiso*, with illuminations of extraordinary beauty to each chapter, sold with the Hamilton Manuscripts, contained the following lines:—

" Ceste est la troisieme Partie
De la Comedie de Dantes
Qui de bon sens n'est departie
Ains par questions evidentes
Donne a cognoistre en ses beaux dits
Les joyes qui sont permanentes
Et sè intitulle Paradis."

Among the French MSS., verse and prose, at Stockholm there is a very important and little-known one of *Le Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine*; in the colophon (or what we may conveniently regard as such) we get the following exceedingly minute information :—

" Mil quatre cens quarante trois,
Le jour précédent Saint-Franchois,
Fu chest livre chy par escrips,
Par le main dampt Zain de Zyanys
Moigne du Gard, à Longviller,
En l'ostel dampt Zain chevalier,
Prieur dudit lieu, pour le jour
A l'escripvent doint Dieu s'amour."

Among the many interesting and valuable items in the Hamilton Library was a vellum MS. of Petrarch's *Rime*, written at Venice about 1435, the owner of which at the beginning of the sixteenth century was a certain Tito Meratti, who presented it, Mr. Quaritch

assumes, to the library of his order; at the end he has added a *sonétto*, which runs thus:—

" Cassinense decan Benedettino
Io professo di San Giorgio Maggiore
Tita Meratti titolar lettore
D'onori astemio, in borsa capucino
Vn codice che tengo del divino
Petrarca degno d'ogni gran signore
A questa libreria mi fo l'honore
Di dare avanti che lo dia il destino
Deh non cantate in simoniaco tuono
Ne cangiate il sonetto in rea canzone
Lo sproprio feci e di Simon non sono.
Constantin Roma die per diuozione
Io questi versi, accio sia certo il dono,
'Scrivo la carta del donazione."

With just one more illustration from our excursions among books written before the introduction of printing we will conclude this portion of our subject. Our extract is from *Li Roumans de Cléomadès*, of which the original MS. is now in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, Paris. It was written in the thirteenth century by a celebrated rhymer of the period who styled himself Adenès li Roi, and who also composed a still more popular story in verse, *Les Enfances Ogier*. The *Cléomadès* was edited by André

Van Hasselt, and published in two volumes at Brussels, in 1865-6. The following exceedingly quaint and interesting lines occur at the commencement of the printed edition :—

"En non de Dieu le créatour
Qui nous doinst par sa grant douçour,
Que les ames li puissons rendre,
Vorrai à rimoiier entendre.
je qui fis d'Ogier le Danois
Et de Bertrain qui fu ou bois,
Et de Buevon de Commarchis,
Ai un autre livre rempris
Moult merveilleus et moult divers."

And it closes with the following equally interesting lines :—

"Diex gart chascun, lui et les siens,
Et lor mire trestous les biens
Que il ont moi et autrui fais,
Et lor pardoinst tous leur mesfais,
Et nous doinst, par son dous plaisir,
K'à bonne fin puissons venir !
Et Diex le nous otroit ainsi !
C'est la fin de ce livre ici."

In spite of the complete revolution, commercially and intellectually, which the invention of printing effected—a contingency perhaps scarcely dreamed of by the inventors

—it is curious to note how very intimately the written MS. and the printed book overlap one another. In no feature was this similarity more pronounced than in respect to the little set of verses with which the scribe sent forth his book on the stormy sea of existence. The scribe's functions were nearly invariably analogous to those of the printer, and the labour of producing any particular book gave him the prescriptive right to act the part of godfather. The affectionate leave-taking which we see manifested so frequently in manuscripts, as well as in the printed book, is thoroughly genuine. "I am ill at these numbers," many of our "poets" imply, but what they lacked in the "divine afflatus" they more than compensated for by their vigour. The valedictory odes of the early printers, or of the authors who, *in propriâ personâ*, committed their own works to the press, often contain, as did those of the scribes, most important and interesting information relative to the mechanical production of the book. The famous verses which occur at the end of so many of the books

printed by Sweynheim and Pannartz are well known to bibliographers, and may serve as an illustration of our meaning. The following example, which appears in Henley's translation of Montfauçon's *Diarium Italicum*, is one of the best with which we are acquainted :—

"Whoe'er you be who on these pages look,
Read if you'd know what artists wrought the book.
Rough German names perhaps may cause your smiles,
But these will grow familiar with their toils;
Arnold Pannartz and Conrade Sweynheym,
By printing it at Rome first gained esteem,
While Peter with his brother Francis joyned
To furnish house-room for the work designed."

The colophon of the *Biblia Pauperum*, printed in German by Albrecht Pfister either in 1462 or 1463, is one of extreme interest. Of this work only two copies have been discovered up to the present—one is in the Althorp Library, now the property of Mrs. John Rylands, and the second is in the National Library at Paris. It contains, we may mention, the histories of Joseph, Daniel, Judith, and Esther; and the following trans-

lation was the work of Dibdin's friend, R. W. Wade:—

" Each man with eagerness desires
To learn, and to be wise aspires.
But books and masters make us so;
And all men cannot Latin know.
Thereon I have for sometimes thought,
And HISTORIES FOUR together brought:
JOSEPH and DANIEL and JUDITH
With good intent; ESTHER therewith.
To these did God protection give,
As now to all who godly live.
If by it we our lives amend,
This little book hath gained its end.
Which certainly in Bamberg town
By ALBERT PFISTER'S press was done,
In fourteen hundred sixty two,
As men now reckon; that is true,
Soon after good St. Walburgh's day,
Whom to procure for us, we pray,
Peace and eternal life to live;
The which to all of us God give. Amen."

The colophon of the first book printed in Paris, the *Epistolæ* of Gasparin of Bergamo, 1470, possesses a more than ordinary interest, and leaves scarcely anything to be explained as regards the material production of the book:—

" Ut sol lumen ! sic doctrinam fundis in orbem,
Musarum nutrix, regia Parisius ;
Hinc prope divinam, tu, quam Germania novit,
Artem scribendi ! suscipe promerita ;
Primos ecce libros ! quos hæc industria finxit
Francorum in terris, ædibus atque tuis ;
Michael, Udalricus, Martinusque magistri
Hos impresserunt ac facient alios."

Lines which have been thus rendered into English :—

" As the sun sheds light, so dost thou pour learning on the world,
Nurse of the Muses, royal Paris !
Take therefore Thou, deserving, the nigh-divine
Art which Germany learned.
Lo here ! the first books which that craft has wrought
In the lands of the Franks, and in thy mansions.
The masters Michael, Ulric, and Martin
Have printed these books, and will also print others."

The colophon of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, printed in 1470 by Vindelin de Spira at Venice, gives a very curious history of typography at Venice ; it may be mentioned that the work was commenced by John de Spira, who died, however, before it was completed :-

"Qui docuit Venetos exscribi posse Joannes
Mense fere trino centena volumina Plini
Et totidem magni Ciceronis Spira libellos:
Ceperat Aureli: subita sed morte perentus
Non potuit ceptum Venetis finire volumen
Vindelinus adest ejusdem frater: et arte
Non minor: hadriacaq; morabitur urbe."

Several of the colophons of John de Spira are of a poetical character, as witness that affixed to the copy of Cicero's *Epistolæ Ad Familiares*, 1469. But perhaps quite the most interesting bit of verse of this printer occurs in the colophon of the *editio princeps* of Pliny's *Historiæ Naturalis*, *Libri XXXVII.*, 1469. The colophon alludes to the celerity with which this book was printed off—namely, three months—a rapidity which one can quite believe, as the text is full of typographical errors:—

"Quem modo tam rarum cupiens vix lector haberet:
Quiq; etiam fractus pene legendus eram:
Restituit Venetis me nuper Spira Joannes:
Exscripsitq libros ere notante meos.
Fessa manus qoundam moneo: calamusq quiescat.
Namq: labor studio cessit et ingenio."

The edition of Dante's *Divina Commedia*

printed by Numeister in 1472 also contains a curious and interesting set of verses, which inform us:—

"Nel mille quatro cento septe et due,
Nel quarto mese; adi cinque et sei
Questa opera gentile impressa fue;

"Io maestro Johanni Numeister opera dei
Alla decta impressione, et meco fue,
Elfulginato, Evangelista mei."

Or in English thus by H. Noel Humphreys:—

"In one thousand four hundred and seventy two,
The fourth month of the year, on the days six and five
This good work was imprinted by artifice new;
I John Numeister did then contrive
The aforesaid impression, and with me, in fine,
Was the worthy Folignian, evangelist mine."

At the end of the first edition of St. Augustine's *Liber de salute sive de aspiratione animæ ad Deum*, 1471, which is also the first book printed at Treviso, we get, in capital letters, the following epigram in praise of the printer (Gerardus de Flandria):—

"Gloria debetur Gerardo maxima lisæ
Quem genuit campis Flandria picta suis.

Hic Tarvisina nam primus coepit in urbe
Artifici raros aere notare libros.
Quoque magis faveant excelsi numina regis
Aurelii sacrum nunc manuale dedit."

Another particularly interesting set of verses occurs in the colophon of Justinian's *Digestum Infortiatum* (cum glossa), Rome, 1475 :—

" Idibus exactum est opus hoc aprilibus urbe
Roma, quo princeps tempore Sixtus erat.
Christus olympiadas demptis iam quinq : trecentas
Viderat ætherno de genitore satus
Voluebas dubio mendosa volumina textu,
Plurimaque in toto codice menda fuit—
Nunc impressa patent civilia candide jura
Lector, ut auctores compos uere sui.
Quare ne dubitæ, parvo tibi pendere magnæ
Empta fuit pretio charta minori nihil."

As a contrast, and perhaps a relief, to the foregoing Latin [1] examples, we may quote one

[1] Those who care to pursue the subject of poems about books in Latin may be glad of a reference to the *Selecta Poemata* (Paris, 1683), of Pierre Petit, where there are two highly interesting and well-sustained examples ; the longer poem is entitled "In Bibliothecam," but the more original and noteworthy is that entitled "In Bibliotaphium." A poem of thirty-seven lines (in Latin), "AD C. M.

of the best of the early Spanish specimens with which we are acquainted. It comes from the *Sacramental* of Arcediano de Valderas, Seville, 1476:—

"Et sic est finis
Deo gracias—
Este libro asi ordenado
De dotrina tan perfecta
Todo por su via rrecta
Dios bendicto es acabado
Quien desea ser colocado
En la gloria eternal
E libre de todo mal
Sea por el enseñado."

The invention of printing had the very natural effect of multiplying the number of books, and it is not surprising that those who were familiar with the old and slow process of book-production took fright at the

CRACHERODE DE IIS QUÆ SUNT NECESSARIA AD BIBLIOTHECAM EXQUISITIOREM," is printed in Clarke's *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, and also in Edwards's *Memoirs of Libraries*; it expresses the estimation in which Mr. Cracherode's splendid collection was held in the owner's lifetime, and characterises many of its gems. This collection now forms part of the British Museum.

productiveness of the printing-press. In the latter part of the fifteenth century Jehan Molinet gave expression to his feelings, in reference to the multitude ot books, in the following lines :—

" J'ai vu grand multitude
De livres imprimez,
Pour tirer en estude
Povres mal argentés.
Par ces novelles modes
Aura maint escollier,
Décrets, Bibles, et Codes
San grand argent bailler."

These lines have been thus Englished :—

" I've seen a mighty throng
Of printed books and long,
To draw to studious ways
The poor men of our days ;
By which new-fangled practice
We soon shall see the fact is,
Our streets will swarm with scholars
Without clean shirts or collars ;
With Bibles, books, and codices,
As cheap as tapes for bodices."

Doubtless it was the same Molinet who wrote a paraphrase in prose of the *Roman de*

la Rose, which appeared at Lyons, 1503, and had the following lines :—

> " Cest le romant de la rose
> Moralise cler et net
> Trāslate de rime en prose
> Par vostre hūble Molinet.'

With two more examples our quotations from the *incunabula* of Continental workshops may cease. Each of these examples is curious and interesting in its way. The earlier example is from the colophon of Oliver de la Marche's *Chevalier Deliberé*, 1483, and one of the two verses runs as follows :—

> " Cet traittie fut parfait l'an mil
> Quatre cens quatre vings et trois
> Ainsi que sur la fin d'avril
> Que l'yver est en son exil,
> Et que l'esté fait ses explois.
> Au bien soit pris en tout endrois
> De ceulx à qui il est offert
> Par celui qui *Tant a souffert*,
> La Marche."

The second example occurs in *Le Livre de Matheolus*, printed by Antoine Vérard, Paris, 1492. It runs thus :—

" Le liure de matheolus
Qui nous monstre sans varier
Les biens et aussy les vertus
Qui vieignent pour soy marier
Et a tous faictz considerer
Il dit que lomme n'est pas saige
Sy se tourne remarier
Quant prins a este au passaige."

The books produced by the English printers before the end of the fifteenth century are much less prolific in the matter of bookish verse than the majority of Continental centres. But the few examples available are none the less interesting. Several of Wynkyn de Worde's books have the poetical colophons so common at the time on the Continent. That, for example, found in Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, 1494, is in many respects of great interest and importance :—

" Infynite laud with thankynges many folde
I yelde to God me socouryng with his grace
This boke to finyshe whiche that ye beholde,
Scale of Perfeccion calde in every place.

" Whereof the auctor Walter Hilton was
And Wynkyn de Worde this hath sett in print
In William Caxstons hows so fyll the case.
God rest his soule. In joy ther mot it stynt."

Of almost equal interest are the following lines from the *Polychronicon*, 1495, from which, *inter alia*, will be gathered that one Roger Thorney was probably a friend and supporter of Caxton, as he certainly was of Wynkyn de Worde :—

> " This boke of Policronicon
> Whiche Roger Thorney mercer hath exhorted
> Wynken de Worde of vertuous entent
> Well to correcte, and gretely hym comforted,
> This specyal boke to make and sette in prente."

Richard Pynson, like de Worde, had a weakness for poetical colophons, and one of the more interesting examples occurs in his edition of *The Myrrour of Good Maners*, 1526, translated into "englyeshe by Alexander Bercley preste," which contains two stanzas in which the subject-matter of "this playne lytell treatyse" is summarised. Robert Copland was almost a genius at poetical colophons, and he certainly was the first Englishman who elevated the art of book-song out of the commonplace. We give several specimens of his work in the body of this little book.

Occasionally one meets with the record of a legacy of books done, not in the cold and circumstantial language of the man of law, but in the spirit and form of verse, as in the following lines of Lamoral Prince de Ligne, written in 1609:—

" La comtesse Ysabeau d'Hoschrate et Culenbourg
Tint ce chef-d'œuvre ancien entre son héritage :
Depuis, sa chère niepce, Anne de Rennenbourg,
Succédant à ces biens, eut ce livre en partage.

" De qui ses quatre sœurs après le possédèrent,
Dont ma mère eut un quart qu'elle me transporta :
Les trois en ma faveur leur part me délaissèrent.

" Or, maintenant j'ordonne et commande à mon fils
De le guarder soigneux, comme une œuvre très-digne,
Et qu'à mes successeurs toujours de père et fils,
Ce livre soit au chef de ma maison de Ligne."

Occasionally we get a poetical inscription which lays the author entirely open to uncomplimentary retort of the wit or the Philistine. One of the earliest examples which come in this category is to be found in Edmund Prestwich's *Hippolitus, Translated out of Seneca*, etc., 1651, in which, apologising for

the absence of a frontispiece, the author observes:—

" I know thou'lt aske why I no Front do weare
To take the distant eye. Not I, I sweare.
To give an invitation, and no meate,
Would not be thought a courtesie, but cheate.
Besides (if mine owne feares aright divine),
Thou'lt find but too much Front in every line."

W. H. Ireland, the Shakespeare forger, gave himself away, so to speak, in a very similar manner, when he printed the following address " To His Book " (*Rhapsodies*):—

" As on thy title-page, poor little book,
Full oft I cast a sad and pensive look,
I shake my head and pity thee.
For I, alas! no brazen front possess,
Nor do I ev'ry potent art profess,
To send thee forth from censure free."

Upon these lines Porson wrote: " Though I cannot help looking upon him as too modest in the fourth verse, he certainly underrates the amount and extent of possessions. He is by no means poor in his own brass."

A glance through the present volume, which

is the result of several years' gleaning, will, it is believed, introduce for the first time to many a very curious and interesting body of verse. This collection does not by any means pretend to be complete, but it may fairly claim to be representative both as to moods and as to time. In many instances the bookish verses herein quoted are absolutely the only interesting features in the particular books from which they have been extracted; but in not a few others the books themselves are both exceedingly rare and of great literary interest.

The feverish heat at which we live is little conducive to the study of the "stretched metre" of antique songs, buried away in the dusty volumes of still dustier recesses of rarely visited libraries. But there are times in our lives when the study of old books becomes a positive relief from the noisy clamour of new publications; and it is then that we begin to realise how vast and how varied is our literary inheritance.

The pleasure which the present writer has derived from his prolonged excursion into

the regions of old books may be taken as a criterion of the satisfaction which others may secure from similar journeyings. The present excursion may be very fittingly concluded with the following lines, which have been attributed to Sir Thomas More :—

" As often as I consydre these old noble clerkes
Poetis, Oratours, and Phylosophers sectes thre
Howe wonderfull they were, in all theyr werkes
Howe eloquent, how inuentyue in eury degre
Halfe amased I am, and as a deed tre
Stonde styll, ouer rude for to brynge forth
Any fruyte or sentence, that is ought worth."



*** A note will be found at the end of the volume concerning each of the sets of verses marked with an asterisk.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PROEM.*

[The following verses occur at the head of a manuscript copy of Glanville on the *Properties of Things*, and they evidently indicate the feelings which a scribe must have experienced when he sat down to copy or illuminate a manuscript of three hundred folio leaves. The spelling is modernised, since there are frequent variants.]

In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen.
Assit principio Sancta Maria meo.

✠ CROSS was made all of red
In the beginning of my book,
That is called *God me speed*
In the first lesson that I took.

Then I learned A and B
And other letters by their names,
But always *God speed me*,
That is needful in all games.

If I played in fields or in meads
Other still, other with noise,
I pray help in all my deeds
Of Him that died upon the cross.

Now divers plays in His name
I shall let pass forth and fare,
And adventure to play a long game
Also, and I shall spare.

Woods, meads, and fields,
Place that I have played in,
And in His name that all things wields
This game now I shall begin.

And pray help, counsel, and read
To me that He will send,
And this game rule and lead
And bring it to a good end.

Qui habet aures audiendi audiat.



CHAUCER TO HIS SCRIVENER.

ADAM SCRIVENER, if ever it thee befall
Boece or Troilus for to write new,
Under thy long locks thou may'st have the scall,
But after my making thou write more true,
So oft aday I mote thy work renew,
It to correct and eke to rub and scrape,
And all is through thy negligence and rape.



A CANTERBURY PILGRIM.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
Al so lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But lokede holwe, and thereto soburly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde nought geten him yit a benefice,
Ne was not worthy to have an office.
For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and reed,
Of Aristotil, and of his philosophie,
Then robus riche, or fithul, or sawtrie.
But al though he were a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litul gold in cofre ;
But al that he might of his frendes hente,
On bookes and his lernyng, he it spente,
And busily gan for the soules pray
Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scolay.
Of studie tooke he most cure and heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede ;
Al that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And schort and quyk, and ful of gret sentence.
Sownynge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

G. CHAUCER, *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

TO HIS BOOK.*

Verba tñslatoris ad librum suum.

GO, litel boke, and put the in grace
Of him that is most of excellence,
And be not hardy to appere in no place
Withoute support of his magnificence;
And whoso euere finde in the offence,
Be not to bolde for noo presumpsioun;
Thi selfe enarme ay in pacience,
And the submitte to hir correcyoun.

And though thou art enlimyned w^t^ no floures
Of rothorik, but with white and blak,
Therefore thou most abide alle shoures
Of hem that list sette on the tak;
And whan thou art most likly go to wrak
Ayenst hem thin errour not defende,
But humbely w^t^ drawe an goo a bak,
Requering hem alle yat is mys to amende.

Pees makith plente
Plente makith pride
Pride makith plee
Plee makith pouert
Pouert makith pees
} And therefore
Grace growith aftir goūnaūce.

J. LYDGATE, *The Boke of the Siege of Troye* (MS.).

TO HIS BOOK.

GOO, litel book, and mekely me excuse,
To alle thoo that shal the seen or rede.
Yf ony man thy Rudnesse lyst accuse,
Make no diffence, but with lowly hede
Pray hym refourme wheer as he seth nede:
To that entent I do the forth directe,
Wher thou fayllest that men shal the correcte.

LYDGATE AND BURGH, *Secrees of old Philisoffres.*

CHAUCER'S A. B. C.*

AND touchynge the translacioun
Off thys noble Orysoun
Whylom yiff I shall not feyne
The noble poete of Breteyne,
My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme
Affter the ffrenche he dyde yt ryme
Word by word, as in substaunce
Ryght as yt ys ymad in fraunce,
Ful devoutly in sentence,
In worshepe and in reuerence
Off that noble hevenly quene,
Bothe moder and a mayde clene;
And sythe he dyde yt vndertake
For to translate yt ffor hyr sake,

I pray thys that ys the beste,
For to brynge hys soule at reste,
That he may thorgh thys prayere
Aboue the starrys bryght and c[lere?]
Off hyr mercy and hyr grace
Apere afforn hyr songs ff[ace]
Wyth seyntys euere for a memorye
Eternally to regene in glorye;
And ffor memorye off that poete
Wyth al hys rethorykes swete,
That was the ffyrste in any age
That amendede our langage,
Therefore as I am bounde off dette
In thys book I wyl hym sette,
And ympen this Orysoun
Affter hys translacioun,
My purpos to determyne
That yt shall enlwmyne
Thys lytyl book rud off makyng
Wyth som clause off hys wrytyng;
And as he made thys Orysoun
Off ful devout entencioun
And by maner off a prayere,
Ryht so I wyl yt settyn here,
That men may knowe and pleynly se
Off Our lady the a. b. c.

AND of the tyme playnly and of the date
Whan I be gan thys book to translate,
Yt was a thovsand by computacion
Affter crystys incarnacion,

Four hundryd ouer nouther fer nere
The surples ouer syxe and twenty yere,
My lord [Salisbury] that tyme beyng at parys.
JOHN LYDGATE, translation of *Les Trois Pèlerinages*.

A BOOKWORM.*

THAT in this ship the chiefe place I governe,
By this wide sea with foolis wandering,
The cause is plaine and easy to discerne ;
Still am I busy bookes assemblinge,
For to have plenty it is a pleasant thing,
In my conceyt, to have them ay in hand,
But what they meane do I not understande.

But yet I have them in great reverence
And honour saving them from filth and ordure,
By often brusshing and much diligence,
Full goodly bounde in pleasant coverture
Of damas, satin, or els of velvet pure :
I keepe them sure, fearing least they should be lost,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

But if it fortune that any learned man
Within my house fall to disputation,
I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my bokes then,
That they of my cunning should make probation
I love not to fall in altercation :
And while the comon, my bookes I turne and winde
For all is in them, and no thing in my minde.

Tholomeus the riche caused, lone agone,
Over all the worlde good bookes to be sought;
Done was his commandment anon.
These books he had and in his study brought
Which passed all earthly treasure as he thought,
But nevertheless he did him not apply
Unto their doctrine, but lived unhappily.

Lo in likewise of bookes I have store,
But few I reade, and fewer understand;
I folowe not their doctrine, nor their lore,
It is enough to beare a booke in hande;
It were too much to be in such a lande,
For to be bounde to loke within the boke;
I am content on the fayre coveryng to looke.

* * * * *

Each is not lettred that nowe is made a lorde,
Nor eche a clerke that heth a benefice;
They are not all lawyers that plees do recorde,
All that are promoted are not fully wise;
On such chance now fortune throwes her dice,
That though one knowe but the yrish game
Yet would he have a gentleman's name.

So in likewise, I am in such a case,
Though I nought can, I would be called wise;
Also I may set another in my place
Which may for me my bookes exercise;
Or els I will ensue the common guise,
And say *concedo* to every argument,
Lest by much speech my Latin should be spent.

* * * * *

THE ENVOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Say worthy doctors and Clerkes curious :
What moveth you of Bokes to have such a number,
Syn divers doctrines through way contrarious
Doth mans minde distract and sore encomber ;
Alas, blind men awake, out of your slomber,
And if ye will needs your books multiply
With diligence endeavour you some to occupy.

SEBASTIAN BRANT, *Shyp of Folys of the Worlde*, 1509 (translated by Alexander Barclay).

OF A NEW MARRIED STUDENT THAT PLAYED FAST AND LOOSE.

[Warton thinks it probable that Sir Thomas More—"one of the best jokers of the age"—may have written these lines (usually attributed to Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey), which he considers the first pointed epigram in our language.]

A STUDENT, at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a feater cast,
Since juggling first begun ?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath *undone*.

With belassis and carbuncles the borders did
shyne ;
With aurum mosaicum every other lyne
Was wrytin.

JOHN SKELTON, *A Replycacion agaynst certayne yong Scolers*, etc.

ROBERT COPLANDE, BOKE PRINTER TO NEW FANGLERS.

ADDRESS.

NEWES, newes, newes, have ye ony newes ?
Myne eres ake to here you call and crye.
Ben bokes made with whystelynge and whewes ?
Ben there not yet ynow to your fantasye ?
In fayth nay I trow, and yet have ye dayly
Of maters sadde, and eke of apes and oules ;
But yet for your pleasure thus moche do wyll I,
As to lette you here the parlament of foules.
Chaucer is deed the which this pamphlete wrate,
So ben his heyres in all such besynesse,
And gone is also the famous clarke Lydgate,
And so is yonge Hawes. God theyr soules
adresse !
Many were the volumes that they made more and
less.
Theyr bokes ye lay up tyll that the lether moules ;
But yet for your myndes this boke I will impresse,
That is in titule the parlament of foules.

So many lerned, at leest they saye they be,
Was never sene doynge so fewe good workes.
Where is the time that they do spende trow ye
In prayers?—ye, where?—in feldes and parkes?
Ye, but where by becommon all the clerkes?
In slouthe and ydlenesse theyr tyme defoules.
For lack of wrytynges conteynynge moral sperkes,
I must imprynt the parlament of foules;

Dytees and letters them can I make myselfe,
Of suche ynowe ben dayly to me brought;
Olde moral bokes stond styll upon the shelfe,
I am in fere they wyll never be bought;
Tryfles and toyes they ben the thynges so sought,
Theyr wyttes tryndle lyke these flemyshe boules;
Yet gentyl clerkes followe hym ye ought
That dyd endyte the parlament of foules.

L'ENVOY.

Layde upon shelfe, in leves all to torne,
With Letters dymme, almost defaced clene
Thy hyllynge rote, with wormes all to worne
Thou lay, that pyte it was to sene;
Bounde with olde quayres, for age all hoorse and grene;
Thy mater endormed, for lacke of thy presence;
But nowe arte losed, go shewe forth thy sentence.

And where thou become so ordre thy language,
That in excuse thy prynter loke thou haue,
Whiche hathe the kepte from ruynous domage
In snowes wyte paper, thy mater for to save,
With thylke same language that Chaucer to the gave

In termes olde, of sentence clered newe,
Than methe much sweter, who can his mynd
anewe.

And yf a lovever happen on the to rede,
Let be the goos with his lewde sentence
Unto the turtle, and not to her to take hede ;
For who so chaungeth, true love doth offence.
Love as I rede is floure of excellence,
And love also I rote of wretchednesse ;
Thus be two loves, scrypture bereth wytnesse.

The Assembly of Foules, 1530 (printed b
Wynkyn de Worde

L'ENVOY.

GO, lytel quayre, to every degree,
And to thy mater desyre them to loke,
Desyring them for to pardon me,
That am so bolde to put them in my boke.
To eschew vyce I thee undertoke,
Dyseyning no maner of creature :
I were to blame, yf I them forsoke :
None in this world of welth can be sure.

R. COPLAND, *The maner to live well, devoutly and salutary every daye, for all persons o mean estate, compyled by Maistre Joha Queinen, doctour in divinitie at Paris*, 154 and translated by R. Copland. (This bool begins with the prologue of "R. Copland compylar and prynter of this boke," an ends with the "Lenvoy of the auctor"– as above.)

TO THE READERS.

AMYS, LECTEURS, &c.

KIND readers, who vouchsafe to cast an eye
On what ensues, lay all prevention by.
Let not my book your indignation raise:
It means no harm, no poison it conveys.
Except in point of laughing, it is true,
'Twont teach you much: It being all my view
To inspire with mirth the hearts of those that moan,
And change to laughter the afflictive groan:
For laughter is man's property alone.

F. RABELAIS, *The inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel, heretofore composed by an Abstractor of the Quint-Essence, a Book full of Pantagruelism.*

HIS BOOK.

YE that in youth desire to know
A good way for to take,
Whereby to riches ye might grow,
And idleness to forsake,
This little book with diligence
See that ye read and mark,
Thoroughly noting the good sense
Contained in this warke (*sic*).
Pithy precepts you shall here find,
Right pleasant for to read,

Whereof perchance some youth are blind,
And thereof shall have need.
Do not therefore despise this book
Because it goeth in rhyme,
For they that on this book doth look
Shall find the matter fine.

The Pleasaunt playne and pythye Pathewaye leadynge to a vertuous and honest lyfe, 1550.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

GO forth, lytell boke, God be thy spede,
Ordre thy selfe accordyngly;
Set nought by hyme that doth the rede,
In case he warble the to denye;
Nat one so good but he hath an enemye:
Hyde nat thy face for a proude cracke,
Let hym be knowen that dyd the make.

Go forth queckely wyth pase demure;
Of one prerogatyve sure thou arte,
Set for to be in hye honour
In myddes of the whole femynyne herte;
Nexte God that wyll all take thy parte,
Hyll the with sylke and lymme the with golde;
Now passe on thy ways, thou mayst be bolde.

Glory be thy garment, so worthy thou arte;
Of syluer the claspes, and of fyne golde;
So true is thy processe in evry parte,

In the hye Ierachye thou may be enrolde ;
None other lyke the that ever was solde,
Highest of all other in trueth is thy dytye,
Lygth where thou shalte nowe farewell frō me.

If question be moved who is thyne authour,
Be not adȣrad to utter hys name ;
Say Edwarde Gosynhyll toke the labour
For woman hede the for to frame ;
Call hym thyne authour, do nat as shame ;
Thankes lokes he none for, yet would he be glad
A staffe to stande by that all women had.

E. GOSYNHYLL, *The Praise of all Women* (n. d.).

L'ENVOY.

GO forth, lytell booke ; be not a frayde
To be accept wyth them that are wyse,
And shew them playne what so be sayde
In any parte of this treatyse
Doth not dysdayne theyr honestyse,
But for the lewde might have a myrrour
Here by to amende theyr damnable error.

Like as the preacher doth discomende
All vyces lyuynge with mouth and wyll,
Or as the mynstrell doth entende,
Wyth helpe of Lute, fynger or quyll,
Examply shewynge, to converte the yll :

Lyke so myne auctor doth the same :
No creature lyuynge spoken by name.

EDWARD GOSYNHYLL, *The Scole House of Women*, 1560

ADDRESS TO HIS BOOK.*

SEN thou conteins mo vailzeand men and wyse,
Than evir was red in ony buke, but dout,
Gif ony churle or velane the dispyse,
BID, HENCE HIM HARLOT ! HE IS NOT OF THIS ROUT ;
For heir are kingis, an mony nobillis stout,
And nane of thame pertenand to his clan.
Thou art sa full of nobylnes partout,
I WALD NANE RED THE, BOT ANE NOBYLL MAN !

JOHN BELLENDEN, *Hector Boyse's Chronicle.*

THE BOKE SPEAKETH.

ALTHOUGH I do here divers reprehende
Worthy indeed of reprehension,
Yet to rebuke such do I not intend
As be of honest conversation.

The wicked to rebuke my mind it is,
For full wickedly their lives do they lead ;

But such as from pure life go not amiss
Do not I touch in word nor yet in deed.

The good in their goodness still to remain
Is my desire even from the very heart;
The ungodly also would I full fain
That they should from their wickedness depart.

If any shall perceive by reading me
Themselves guilty in things that they do read,
Go flee from the vice of impurity,
Let them endeavour themselves with all speed.

Unto cleanness of life is mine intent
To allure all men, if possible it be,
That all men may keep God's commandment,
And come to glorious felicity.

T. Becon, *An Invective against Whoredom*, 1560.

IN PRAISE OF ROGER ASCHAM'S LATIN GRAMMAR.

OF English books as I could find,
I have perused many a one:
Yet so wel done unto my mind,
As this is, yet have I found none.

The words of matter here do rise,
So fitly and so naturally,
As heart can wish or wit devise,
In my conceit and fantasy.

The words well chosen and well set,
Do bring such light unto the sense:
As if I lackt I would not lette,
To buy this book for forty pence.

THOMAS BLUNDEVILLE, *Three Treatises*, 1561.



THE BOOKE'S VERDICTE.

WANTING I have been long truly,
In English language many a day:
Lo, yet at last now here am I,
Your labours great for to delay,
And pleasant pastime you to showe,
Minding your wits to mine, I trow.

For though to mirth I do provoke,
Unto wisdom yet move I more;
Laying on them a pleasant yoke,
Wisdom I mean, which is the dore
Of all good things and commendable:
Doubt this I think no man is able.

R. LEVER, *The Philosopher's Game* (chess), 1563.[1]

[1] This "poem" was doubtless the production of the publisher of the above-named quaint little book on chess—James Rowbothum—who also wrote the epistle dedicatory in thirty-seven verses to Lord Robert Dudley, and who was not forgetful of saying a good word on his own account, as may be seen from the following verse:—

"All things belonging to this game
For reason you may bye:
At the bookshop under Bochurche,
In Cheapside, redilye."

THE VERDICT OF THE BOOK.

LEARNE here thou shalt one God most hig
To rule the heavens, the earth and all:
The Sun, the Moon, the Starry Sky,
Subject to be unto his call.
Of patience likewise read thou shalt,
Which is a gift of all most pure,
Above the rest I thee ensure.

God's providence here thou shalt know,
His great good will I do declare:
His mighty force I plain do show:
Read on, therefor, and do not spare.
Though that my skill be very bare,
Yet fruit hereby well take you may,
If it to read you will essay.

In whom to put thy trust be bold,
In whom to joy here thou may'st see:
A treasure passing any gold,
Or precious stones what they may be.
The same I do declare to thee:
To read me, therefor, take some pain,
And that I count my author's gain.

Farewell, my friends, for for your sakes
My author hath abroad me sent:
I pass not for all crabbed crakes
That Zoilus to make is bent;
For all for you my author meant,
When that in hand his pen he took,

And out this story first did look.
Patienter ferenda quæ mutari non possunt.

JOHN PARTRIDGE, *The Worthie Hystorie of the Moste Noble and Valiaunt Knight Plasidas*, 1566.



THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR TO HIS SONNE FAUSTINUS, AND UNTO THE READERS OF THIS BOOK.

THAT I to thee some joyous jests
may shew in gentle glose,
And frankly feed thy bended eares
with passing pleasant prose:
So that thou daine in seemely sort
this wanton booke to view,
That is set out and garnished fine,
with written phrases new.
I will declare how one may hap
his humane figure lost,
And how in brutish formed shape
his loathed life he tost.
And how he was in course of time
from such estate unfold,
Who eftsoone turn'd to pristine shape,
his lot unlucky told.

APULEIUS, *The Golden Ass* (translated by Adlington, 1566).



TO HIS BOOK.

GO, lytell boke, and put the in the grace
Of hym that is most of excellence,
And be nat hardy to appease in no place
Without supporte of his magnyfycence;
And who so euer in the fynde offence,
Be not to bolde for no presumpcyon;
Thy selfe enarme aye in pacyence,
And thee submytte [to] theyr correcyon.

Verba translatoris ad librum suum.

And for thou art enlymned with no flowres
Of Retoryke, but with whyte and blacke,
Thereof thou muste abyde all showres
Of them that lyste set on the a lacke;
And whan thou art most lykely go to wracke
Agaynst them thyne Errour not diffende,
But humbly withdraw and go a backe,
Requerynge them all yt is amysse to mende.

RICHARD PYNSON, *The Hystory, Sege, and Dystruccyon of Troye*, 1573.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

"WHY should'st thou make such haste abroad to be,
a mean whereby to purchase me defame?
Yet mightest thou still abide and stay with me,
and I thereby remain devoid of blame:

But if I once permit thee scope to trudge
know not, I, what every man will judge."

The Book to the Author.

" What doubts be these that thus doth dull thy brain,
or what conceits doth yet thy mind pursue?
I know no cause thou should'st me thus restrain,
but give me scope to such as list to view:
Then they, no doubt, will thank thee for thy pain,
As I suppose thou seekest no greater gain."

The Author.

" I crave no more, indeed, but the goodwill
of such as shall thy simple sense behold;
But this, I doubt, my rude and slender skill
may give them cause to judge me overbold:
So I, instead of thanks, may purchase blame,
So vain a toy to set forth in my name."

The Book.

" And who so ready ever fault to find
as witless head that least of all doth know?
For none so bold, they say, as bayerd blind,
and none more rife their doultish domes to shew;
Where wise men yet will deem thy doings right:
What care'st thou then for Zoilus' cankered spite?"

The Author.

" Well, yet, my book, I give thee this in charge:
the manners mark of such as thee peruse:

If thou perceivest their tongues to run at large
in finding fault the Author to accuse,
Tell thou them, then, I meant not to offend:
What they mislike desire them they would mend."

BARNABE RICH, *A Right Excelent and Pleasaunt Dialogue, betwene Mercury and an English Souldier*, 1574.



UPON GASCOIGN'S POEMS, "THE STEEL GLASS."

SWEET were the sauce would please each kind of taste:
The life likewise were pure that never swerved,
For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best (percase) deserved.
But what for that? this med'cine may suffice,
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Though sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,
Yet worthier wights yield praise for every pain;
But envious brains do nought (or light) esteem,
Such stately steps as they cannot attain:
For whoso reaps renown above the rest,
With heaps of hate shall surely be oppressed.

Wherefore, to write my censure of this book,
This Glass of Steel unpartially doth show,
Abuses all to such as in it look,
From prince to poor; from high estate to low.

As for the verse, who list like trade to try,
I fear me much shall hardly reach so high.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1576.



TO HIS BOOKE.*

GO, little book! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him this is the president
Of nobleness and of chivalry:
And if that Envie bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepherd's swain, say, did thee sing
All as his straying flocks he fed:
And, when his Honour has thee read,
Crave pardon for my hardihead.
But, if that any ask thy name,
Say thou wert base-begot with blame;
For-thy thereof thou didst take shame.
And, when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

EDMUND SPENSER, *The Shepheardes Calendar*, 1579.



TO HIS POEM: INTRODUCTORY.

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is;
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

EDMUND SPENSER, *Amoretti*, 1595.

TO HIS BOOK.

THUS have I taught thee what good course thou oughtst of right to hold,
Thou art a Booke, goe where thou wilt, like Bayard blind be bold.
Thou shalt have mates to follow thee and help thee if thou fall.

I have wide scopes at will to walk,
yea Penne and Muse at call,
And other Books that I must needes
commit to Worldes report.
He is thrice blest that well doth worke,
our time is here but short.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD, *A Lamentable and Pitifull Description of the Wofull Warres in Flanders*, 1578.



BOOKS AND TRUTH.

CONDEMN the daies of elders great or small,
And then blurre out the course of present tyme;
Cast one age down, and so doe ovethrow all,
And burne the bookes of printed prose or ryme:
Who shall beleeve he rules, or she doth reign,
In tyme to come, if writers loose their paine?
The pen records tyme past and present both:
Skill brings forth bookes, and bookes is nurse to troth.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD, *Worthiness of Wales*, 1587.



THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.[1]

THE goodly flowers of Court thou needs not fear,
For they are sweet, and meek of nature throw:

[1] This address consists of nearly three pages.

There wisdom will with writers humour bear,
If humbly still thou canst behave thee now.
Thy master's pen hath purchased favour there
Amongst the dames of fair Diana's train,
Where beauty shines, like silver drops of rain
In sunny day: O book! thou happy art
If with those nymphs thou may'st be entertain'd;
If any one of them take in good part
A verse or word, thou has't a garland gained
Of glory great; for fame herself must sound
Out of their voice; look what they do pronounce,
Like tennis-ball, aloft it doth rebound.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD, *A Musical Consort . . . called Churchyard's Charitie*, 1595.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS BOOK.

Author.

"NOW, having made thee, seelie book,
and brought thee to this frame,
Full loath am I to publish thee,
lest thou impair my name."

The Book.

"Why so? good Master, whats the cause,
why you so loath should be
To send me forth into the world
my fortune for to try?"

The Author.

" This is the cause: for that I know
the wicked thou wilt move;
And eke because thy ignorance
is such as none can love."

The Book.

" I doubt not but all godly men
will love and like me well,
And for the other I care not,
in pride although they swell."

The Author.

" Thou art also no less in thrall
and subject every way
To Momus and to Zoilus crew,
who'll daily at thee bay."

The Book.

" Though Momus rage and Zoilus carpe,
I fear them not at all:
The Lord my God, in whom I trust,
shall soon cause them to fall.

The Author.

" Well, sith thou wouldst so fain be gone
I can thee not withhold:
Adieu therefore; God be thy speed,
and bless thee a hundred fold."

The Book.

" And you also, good Master mine,
God bless thee with his grace;
Preserve you still, and grant to you
in Heaven a dwelling place."

PHILIP STUBBES, *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

GO forth, my book, into the world,
As far as sea doth flow:
Beyond the sea if winds thee drive,
The pith of wisdom show.
Touch no estate, no ill tongue fear,
With no contention mell:
Leave unsaluted no good man,
Care for no fiend of hell.
Teach children parents to obey,
Bid servants please the Lord:
Will kinsmen to be kind to kin,
Move brethren to accord.
Tell suiters that an happy choice
Proceedeth from above:
Wish wives to be their husbands crowns,
Husbands their wives to love.
Commend the hand of diligence,
Commend the lip of truth:
Commend the gray head of old age,
Commend the strength of youth.

Dispraise dame pride, and chide fierce wrath,
Inveigh against foul sloth:
To wake, to rise, to go abroad,
To worke in winter loth.

* * * * *

And so go forth into the world,
Yea run with speed and say:
Yea fly as fast as any bird,
Yea live and that for aye.
If these my verses do perhaps
Give gravity offence:
To this effect with gentle words
Answer in my defence.
That poetry I seldom use,
That verses lawful be,
And that they may be cancelled
With right good leave from me.
Minerva playing on the pipe,
Did see her face to swell:
And thereupon she threw away
Her pipe into the well.
If this my meter seem not meet,
Let it be cast away:
But thou, my book, renewed like
The Ægle, live for aye.

PETER MUFFET, *A Commentarie upon the Whole Booke of the Proverbs of Solomon*, 1596.

THE PLEASURES OF A LIBRARY.

GIVE me leave
To enjoy myself. That place, that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such pleasures to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.—Lights there, for my study!

JOHN FLETCHER, *The Elder Brother* (Act I., Sc. 2).

THE PLEASURES OF BOOKS.

GOLDEN volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize.
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beam'd through many ages,

Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes!—you have not deceived!

HENRY DE RANTZU.[1]



"THE AUTOR."

SOME Poets they are poore, and so am I,
except I bee reliev'd in Chancery;
I scorne to begg, my Pen nere us'd the trade,
this Book to please my friends is only made.
Which is performed by my aged Quil
for to extend my country my good will.
Let not my country think I took this paynes
in expectation of any gaines.

G. B., *The Famous History of Saint George, England's Brave Champion* (seventeenth-century MS.).



THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

FAREWELL, my little booke, and tell thy
friends
The deluge of the deepe confusion ebs;
Then shew thy leafe to all, but haile the best,

[1] The founder of the great library at Copenhagen. The original Latin of these verses is quoted by D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature.*

And safely leave it in their holy hands,
That will upright thy language, cleere thy sense,
As matter but of meere preeminence.
Yet as the starre that onward bringes the sunne,
Thou hast perfection where thy light begunne:
This tell thy friendes, and, little booke, farewell.

ALEXANDER TOP, *The Olive Leafe, or Universall A.B.C.*, 1603.

ON BOOKS.

TO THE LADY LUCY COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

* * * * *

AND though books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright;
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgement lies. And though we cannot find
The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,
And entertain us near about the same;
And give the soul the best delights, that may
Encheer it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.

* * * * *

SAMUEL DANIEL.

CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS.*

SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve, that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds;
When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies,
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourished no man heeds.
How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closèd rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of Books, that to the universal eye
Show how they lived, the other where they lie.

JOHN FLORIO, *Montaigne*, 1613

TO HIS BOOK.

BOOK, whither goes thou, I had rather have thee
To stay still with me, for my book may save me:
Save me, its true, and that's the case I crave
Thou'de to the world, that thou the world might save;
But that's a taske (my book) too hard for thee,
Bid hang the world so thou wilt save me:

Yet pray thee be advis'd whom thou dost check,
For speaking truth may chance to break thy neck.
Which to prevent let this be understood,
Great men though ill they must be stiled good,
Their black is white, their vice is virtue made:
But 'mongst the base call still a spade a spade;
If thou canst thus dispense (my book) with crimes,
Thou shalt be hugg'd and honour'd in these times.

R. BRATHWAIT, *A Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615.



SIR THOMAS OVERBURY ON BOOKS.

BOOKS are a part of man's prerogative.
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old.
Our life, Fame pierceth at the end,
And Books it farther backward do extend.

The Wife.



AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

PRINTER, or Stationer, or what ere thou prove,
Shalt me record to Time's posterity,
I'll not enjoin thee, but request in love
That so much deign my Book to dignify,
As first it be not with your Ballads mixt;
Next, not at Playhouses 'mongst Pippins sold;

Then that on Posts, by th' Ears it stand not fixt
For every dull Mechanic to behold;
Last, that it come not brought in Pedlers packs
To common Fairs of country, town, or city,
Sold at a booth 'mongst pins and almanacks.
Yet on thy hands to lie thou'lt say 'twere pity:
Let it be rather for tobacco rent,
Or butchers' wives, next clensing-week in Lent.

HENRY PARROT, *The Mastive, or Younge-Whelpe of the Olde-Dogge*, 1615.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

TO draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.

These are, as some infamous baud, or whore,
 Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her
 more?
But thou art proofe against them, and, indeed,
 Above th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin :—Soule of the Age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a roome:
 Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
 I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
 Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,
 To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine! thou hast one to showe,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warme
Our cares, or like a Mercury to charme !
Nature herself was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted lie
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all : Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvil : turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame ;
Or for the laurell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares minde, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-torned, and true-filed lines :
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,

And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and make a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN JONSON (prefixed to first folio edition of *Shakespeare's Plays*, 1623).



TO THE READER.

THIS Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

BEN JONSON (first folio *Shakespeare's Plays*, 1623



TO THE MEMORIE OF THE DECEASED AUTHOUR, MAISTER W. SHAKE-SPEARE.

SHAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we aliue shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) vntill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t' out-do
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. DIGGES, *Shakespeare's Plays*, 1623.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

WHEN I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends, and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends:
Now must I give thy life and deed the voice
Attending such a study, such a choice;
Where, though't be love that to thy praise doth move,
It was a knowledge that begat that love.

BEN JONSON, *Epigrams.*

TO MY BOOKSELLER.

THOU that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well,
Call'st a book good, or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so, too; I give thee leave. But crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought;
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts, or walls,
Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerk-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names; whose knight less can.
If without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklersbury, there 'twill well.

BEN JONSON, *Epigrams.*

ON "CORYAT'S CRUDITIES" (1611).

TOM CORIAT, I have seen thy Crudities,
And, methinks, very strangely brude—it is
With piece and patch together glued—it is
And how (like thee) ill-favoured hu'de—it is
In many line I see that lewd—it is
And therefore fit to be subdued—it is

Within thy broiling brain-pan stewed—it is
And 'twix't thy grinding jaws well chewed—it is
Within thy stomach closely mude—it is
And last, in Court and County spewed—it is
But now by wisdom's eye that viewed—it is
They all agree that very rude—it is
With foolery so full endude—it is
That wondrously by fools pursued—it is
As sweet as galls amaritude—it is
And seeming full of pulchritude—it is
But more to write, but to intrude—it is
And therefore wisdom to conclude—it is

JOHN TAYLOR, *The World's Eighth Wonder.*

BRIEFLY TO YOU THAT WILL READ.

NOT unto every one can read I write;
But only unto those that can read right,
And therefore if thou can'st not read it well,
I pray thee lay it down, and learn to spell.
But if thou wilt be hewing (like a drudge),
Hew on, and spare not, but forbear to Judge.

JOHN TAYLOR, *Faire and Fowle Weather*, 1615.

FROM "A COMPARISON BETWEEN A THIEF AND A BOOK."

A GOOD book steals the mind from vain pretences,
From wicked cogitations and offences,
It makes us know the world's deceiving pleasures,
And set our hearts on never-ending treasures.

* * * * *

Men know not thieves from true men by their looks,
Nor by their outsides, no man can know books:
Both are to be suspected, all can tell,
And wise men ere they trust will try them well.
A book may be a title good and fair,
Though in it one may find small goodness there.

JOHN TAYLOR, *An Arrant Thief*, 1625.

FAST AND LOOSE.

FAST bind, fast find: my Bible was well bound;
A Thiefe came fast, and loose my Bible found;
Was't bound and loose at once? how can that be?
Twas loose for him, although 'twas bound for me.

JOHN TAYLOR, *Epigrammes*, 1651.

TO THE READER.

ALL these things heer collected, are not mine,
But divers grapes make but one sort of wine;
So I, from many learned authors took
The various matters printed in this book.
What's not mine own by me shall not be father'd,
The most part I in fifty years have gather'd,
Some things are very good, pick out the best,
Good wits compiled them, and I wrote the rest.
If thou dost buy it, it will quit thy cost,
Read it, and all thy labour is not lost.

JOHN TAYLOR, *Miscellanies; or Fifty Years' Gatherings out of Sundry Authors*, etc., 1652.

MY LOVE TO JOHN TAYLOR AND HIS NAVY.

IF art and nature both in one combine,
Upon some serious wits to draw a line;
If virtue trusty faith with all their might,
Give nature virtue, art a nimble sight,
Art nature virtue, faith do well agree
To raise this work of thine eternity.
No sooner did thy pen but drop a tear
Upon this milky path, the gods were there,
Willing assistants, and did hoist up sail
To make the swifter in the thy naval tale.

Æolia a gentle gale, Neptune calm weather,
Till all our ships in harbour moored together.
If lord-ship, lady-ship, or court-ship fight,
Friend-ship and fellow-ship will do thee right
And wor-ship will assist to make a peace;
Whilst surety-ship stands bound the wars should cease.
Thus was that battle ended, but thy praise
Hath raised a crew which will outlast thy days;
Steer on thy course then, let thy fertile brain
Plough up the deep which will run o'er the main
In such a fleet of sweet conceited matter,
Which sails by land more swifter than by water,
That whilst the ocean doth contain a billow
Thou and thy book shall never have a fellow.

F. MASON, in John Taylor's *An Armado, or Nauye*, 1627.

ON THE LIBRARIE AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN that great maze of books I sighed, and said,—
"It is a grave-yard, each tome a tombe;
Shrouded in hempen rags, behold the dead,
Coffined and ranged in crypts of dismal gloom,—
Food for the worme and redolent of mold,
Trac'd with brief epitaph in tarnish'd gold."—
Ah, golden-letter'd hope!—Ah, dolorous doom!
Yet, mid the common death, when all is cold,
And mildewed pride in desolation dwells,

A few great Immortalities of old
 Stand brightly forth;—not tombes but living shrines,
Where from high saint or martyr virtue wells,
Which on the living yet works miracles,
 Spreading a relic wealth, richer than golden mines.

J. M., 1627 (quoted in Edwards's *Memoirs of Libraries*).

AGAINST WRITERS THAT CARP AT OTHER MENS BOOKS.

THE readers and the hearers like my books,
 But yet some writers cannot them digest.
But what care I? For when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

GO, little booke, into the largest world,
 And blaze the chastnesse of thy maiden muse:
 Regardlesse of all enuie on thee hurl'd,
By the vnkindnesse that the Readers vse:
 And those that enuie thee by scruples letter,
 Let them take pen in hand, and make a better.

SIR JOHN H[ARINGTON,] *Philoparthens louing Folly*, etc., 1628.

THE EPISTLE TO ALL READERS.

WHEN in your hand you had this pamphlet caught,
Your purpose was to post it over speedy,
But change your mind and feed not over greedy:
Till in what sort to feed, you first be taught.
Suppose both first and second course is done,
No goose, pork, capon, svites, nor such as these,
But look for fruit, as nuts and Parma cheese,
Comfets, conserves, and raisons to the sun,
Taste but a few at once, feed not too fickle,
So shall you find some cool, some warm, some biting,
Some sweet in taste, some sharp, all so delighting
As may your inward taste and fancy tickle.
But though I wish readers, with stomachs full,
Yet fast, nor come not, if your wits be dull.
For I had liefe you did sit down and whistle,
As reading, not to read. So ends th' Epistle.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON, *Epigrams*, 1633.

TO MR. FELTHAM ON HIS BOOK OF "RESOLVES."[1]

* * * * *

LET the curious eye of Lynceus look
Through every nerve and sinew of this book,

[1] Owen Feltham, *Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political*, circa 1628.

Of which 'tis full: let the most diligent mind
Pry through it, each sentence he shall find
Season'd with chaste, not with an itching salt,
More savouring of the lamp than of the malt.
But now too many think no wit Divine,
None worthy life, but whose luxurious line
Can ravish virgins thoughts; and is it fit
To make a pandour, or a bawd of wit?
But tell 'em of it, in contempt they look,
And ask in scorn if you will geld the book.
As if the effeminate brain could nothing do
That should be chaste, and yet be masc'line too.
Such books as these (as they themselves indeed
Truly confess) men do not praise, but read.
Such idle books, which if perchance they can
Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man.
Thou hast not one bad line so lustful bred,
As to dye maid or matron's cheek in red.
Thy modest wit, and witty honest letter
Make both at once my wit and me the better.
Thy Book a Garden is, and help us most
To regain that which we in Adam lost.

* * * * *

THOMAS RANDOLPH, *Poems.*

L'ENVOY.

GOE, ventrous book, thy selfe expose
To learned men, and none but those;
For this carping age of ours
Snuffes at all but choycest flowers,

Cul'd from out the curious knots
Of quaint writers garden plots;
These they smell at, these they savour,
Yet not free from feare, nor favour!
But if thou wert smel'd a right
By a nose not stuft with spight,
Thou to all that learning prove.
So content thee, till due time
Blaze thy worth throughout this clime.

DAVID PERSON (of Loglands, Scotland), *Varieties, or a Surveigh of Rare and Excellent Matters*, 1635.



TO HIS BOOKE.

DEARE issue, some thy name that view'd,
Did from rash premises conclude,
That, through suffusion of thy gall,
Thy parts would prove ictericall;
And that (wrapt up in sheets unclean)
With scurrile rhymes and jests obscene,
Thou would'st prophane a good man's ear:
But, as thou art to virtue dear,
Such lewd licentious tricks defy,
And cheat such censures honestly.

THOMAS BANCROFT, *Two Bookes of Epigrammes*, 1639.



THE BOOK TO THE READER.

IN my commission I am charg'd to greet
And mildly kiss the hands of all I meet,
Which I must do, or nevermore be seen
About the fount of sacred Hippocrene.
Smooth-socht Thalia takes delight to dance
I' th' schools of art; the door of ignorance
She sets a cross on; detractors she doth scorn,
Yet kneels to censure, so be it true-born.
I had rather fall into a beadle's hands
That reads, and with his reading understands,
Than some plush-Midas, that can read no further
But "Bees"!—whose penning?—Mew this man doth murther
A writer's credit; and wrong'd poesie,
Like a rich diamond dropt into the sea,
Is by him lost for ever. Quite through read me,
Or 'mongst waste paper into pasteboard knead me;
Press me to death; so, though your churlish hands
Rob me of life, I'll save my paper lands
For my next heir, who with poetic breath
May in sad elegy record my death.
If so; I wish my epitaph may be
Only three words—*Opinion murdered me!*

JOHN DAY, *The Parliament of Bees; a Masque*, 1640.

A COMPARISON.

THERE'S a lady for my humour !
A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well
Bound up, in a fair letter, too. Would I
Had her, with all the errata.

First I would marry her, that's a verb material,
Then I would print her with an *index*
Expurgatorious ; a table drawn
Of her court heresies ; and when she's read,
Cum privilegio, who dares call her wanton ?

JAMES SHIRLEY, *The Cardinal*, 1641.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOK INTITULED "THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS," SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

KNOW you, fair, on what you look ?
Divinest love lies in this book :
Expecting fire from your fair eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think yo' have an angel by the wings ;
One that gladly would be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh ;
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumèd prayer ;
These white plumes of his he'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you :

To take acquaintance of each sphere,
And all your smooth'd kindred there.
And though *Herbert's* name do owe
These devotions; fairest, know
While I thus lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

RICHARD CRASHAW, *Steps to the Temple*, 1646.



TO HIS BOOKS.

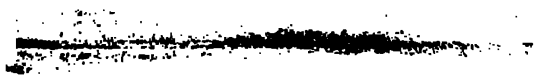
WHILE thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd,
Deerely I lov'd thee; as my first-borne child:
But when I saw thee wantonly to roame
From house to house, and never stay at home;
I brake my bonds of Love, and bad the goe,
Regardless whether well thou sped'st or no.
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they be;
If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK, *Hesperides*, 1648.



HIS POETS.

NOW is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe;
For with flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.



The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree do's weare
(Made of her Pap and Gum)
Rich beads of *Amber* here.

Now raignes the *Rose*, and now
Th' *Arabian* Dew besmears
My uncontrollèd brow,
And my retorted haires.

Homer, this health to thee,
In Sack of such a kind,
That it would make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next *Virgil* I'll call forth,
To pledge this second Health,
In Wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian Commonwealth.

A Goblet next I'll drink
To *Ovid;* and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all *one Nose.*

Then this immensive cup
Of *Aromatike* wine,
Catullus, I quaffe up
To that Terce Muse of thine.

Wild am I now with heat;
O *Bacchus!* coole thy Raies!
Or frantick I shall eat
Thy *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bayes.*

Round, round, the roof do's run;
And being ravisht thus,
Come I will drink a tun
To my *Propertius*.

Now to *Tibullus*, next,
This flood I drink to thee;
But stay; I see a Text,
That this presents to me.

Behold, *Tibullus* lies
Here burnt, whose smal return
Of ashes, scarce suffice
To fill a little Urne.

Trust to good Verses then;
They onely will aspire,
When Pyramids, as men,
Are lost, i' th' funerall fire.

And when all Bodies meet
In *Lethe* to be drowned;
Then onely Numbers sweet
With endless life are crowned.

ROBERT HERRICK, *Hesperides*, 1648.

TO HIS BOOK.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly Patron unto thee;
Lest rapt from thence, I see thee lyre
Torn for the use of Pasterie;

Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
To make loose Gownes for Mackerell:
Or see the Grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

ROBERT HERRICK.



ON THE BOOKS OF SOLOMON OPENED BY MASTER TRAPP.*

I STOOD in Solomon's Porch before,
Unable to unlock the doore,
And view the glory that within
Rather than live I would have seen.

Now in his Temple walk I can,
And hear my Maker talk with man,
And clearly understand his mind;
Though mysteries, no mists, I find.

The Holy of Holies open lies,
No longer kept from common eyes;
Each Starre may now an Eagle be,
And freely up to Phœbus flee.

If you would know how in I gat,
I passed through the Beautifull Gate;
This *Dore of Trapp*, or this *Trap-dore*,
Trapp, Trapp!—but God I must adore.

JOHN TRAPP, *Solomonis* ΠΑΝ ΑΡΕΤΟΣ, 1650.

TO THE PRINTER.

DID I diffuse a little more of brine
On m' *Epigrams*, or such and such a line;
Or could I write as well as you can print,
Unless there be a fatal disaster in't,
(Although my *Thaun* were not of quick sale,)
The muse will roundly off like Cotwald ale:
Pray tell the *Bookseller* if he will see't,
Th' Epigram, though not very salt, is sweet.
No obscure jest, no jeers fall from my pen,
But it delights in praise of *books and men.*

CLEMENT BARKSDALE, *Nympha Libethris*, 1651.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S, A PERSON OF HONOURS

[Who lately writ a Religious book entituled *Historical Applications, and Occasional Meditations upon Several Subjects*, supposed to be the Lord Berkeley of Berkeley.]

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in such an age.
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when heaven's so little spar d?
Divines are pardoned, they defend
Altars on which their lives depend;
But the profane impatient are
When nobler pens make this their care.

For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them;
And cull in doubt their pleasing thought
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe:
And feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find.
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less eas'ly understood.

EDMUND WALLER, *Poems*, 1664.

AN AUTHOR'S OPINION OF HIS OWN BOOK.*

WHOEVER buys this book will say,
There's so much money thrown away;
The author thinks you are to blame,
To buy a book without a name;
And to say truth, it is so bad,
A worse is nowhere to be had.

Folly in Print, or a Book of Rymes, 1667.

ALAS POOR SCHOLAR! WHITHER WILT THOU GO?

IN a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my muse grew muddy;
After seven years reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf;
Into learned rags
I've rent my plush and satten,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek and Latin;
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten:
Alas poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?
* * * * *
All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and humane;
Yet all's not worth a shilling;
When the women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say, I am profane;
Once I remember,
I preached to a weaver,
I quoted Austin,
He quoted Dod and Cleaver;
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and Beaver:
Alas poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

ROBERT WILD, D.D., *Iter Boreale*, 1671.

THE BOOK.

ETERNAL [illegible] Maker of all
That live, live here since the first fall!
The Book of Age, in whose sight
They live unseen when here they take

Thou knew'st the proper time when I was
Most weak and shut out all grace:
Before two trees in spirit, and when
Made sweet with the water I then
Was; were their life, their thoughts and deeds,
Whether good, evil, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st the first when I green stuff
Covert'd the face of our first ruin,
And when I flourish'd, grew, and spread
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st the numerous acts, when in
Dirt, love and fear of thy decree
On each green thing: then sleep, well fed,
Content with the sun, which now lies spread
A *shadow* o're the light book,
Which makes me wisely weep, and look
On my own dust: most dust it is,
But wise by thy and death as this.
Thou knew'st all these, and more than all, and mingst
Now secret joys, none know them as.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,

When thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying onely death and pain,
Give him amongst thy works a place
Who in them lov'd and sought thy face!

HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silex Scintillans*, 1655.



TO MY BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
And track of fled souls, and their milkie way;
The dead alive and busie, the still voice
Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's white decoys!
Who lives with you, lives like those knowing flowers,
Which in commerce with light spend all their hours;
Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun.
Beneath you, all is dark and a dead night,
Which whoso lives in, wants both health and sight.

By sucking you, the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely; for as great a store
Have we of books, as bees of herbs, or more;

And the great task to try, then know, the good,
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare, scant performance. For man dyes
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flyes.
But you were all choice flowers; all set and dressed
By old sage florists, who well knew the best;
And I amidst you all am turned a weed,
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that would'st not be
Content to know,—what was too much for thee!

HENRY VAUGHAN, *Thalia Rediviva*, 1678.



MANY BOOKS.

HOWEVER, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment, equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself;
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

J. MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, 1674.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.*

(FROM BOILEAU'S "LA LUTRIN," 1681.)

[The subject of the *Lutrin* is a dispute between the Chanter and Treasurer (or Dean) of a Cathedral Chapel in Paris, respecting the right of having a reading-desk in the choir, and of giving the benediction. If the Chanter can succeed in publicly giving the benediction to the Dean himself, he thinks he shall establish that privilege without further trouble; on the other hand, if the Dean can get the start of him and bless the Chanter, his predominance is secured for ever. Luckily for the Dean, whenever he and the Chanter are together, and a multitude is assembled, he enjoys, from prescription, the greater influence; and how he gains his ends accordingly is set forth in the ensuing "Battle of the Books," which is the original of Swift's prose satire. Boileau is quite at home in it. It gives him an opportunity, as Warton observes, of indulging in his favourite pastime of ridiculing bad authors. This perhaps is the liveliest and most inventive passage in all the *Lutrin*; and it may be fairly pitted against the "Battle of the Beaux and Ladies" in the *Rape of the Lock*, being at once more satirical, probable, and full of life. If Pope's mock-heroic excels in delicacy and fancy (which I cannot but think it does), Boileau's may lay claim to a jollier and robuster spirit of ridicule, and to a greater portion of movement.]

MEANWHILE the canons, far from all this noise,
With rapid mouthfuls urge the hungry joys:
With flowing cups and irritating salt,
Their thirst by turns they lay and they exalt;

Fervent they feed, with palate and with eye;
Through all its caverns gapes a monstrous ven'son pie.
To these Fame comes, and hastens to relate
The law consulted and the threaten'd fate:
Up starts the chief, and cries "Consult we too!"
With bile and claret strove his sudden hue.
Groans Everard from the board untimely torn,
But far away among the rest is borne.

A short and secret passage knew the band;
Through this they ruffle, and soon reach the stand,
Where Barbin, bookseller of equal eye,
Sells good and bad to all who choose to buy.
Proud up the platform mount the valiant train,
Making loud way, when lo! so fates ordain,
As proud and loud and close at hand are seen
The fervid squadron, headed by the Dea
The chiefs approaching, shew a turbid grace;
They measure with their eyes, they fume, they face
And had they hoofs, had paw'd upon the place.

Thus two proud bulls, whom equal flames surprise
For some fair heifer with her Juno's eyes,
Forget their pasture, meet with horrid bows,
And stooping, threaten with their stormy brows.

But the sad Everard, elbow'd as he pass'd,
No longer could endure his demi-fast.
Plung'd in a shop, he seizes on a book,
A *Cyrus*[1] (lucky in the first he took),

[1] *Artamenes*, or the *Grand Cyrus*, written by Made-

And aiming at the man (Boirude was he)
Launch'd at his head the chaste enormity.
Boirude evaded, graz'd in cheek alone,
But Sidrac's stomach felt it with a groan.
Punch'd by the dire *Artamenes*, he fell
At the Dean's feet, and lay incapable.
His troop believe him dead, and with a start
Feel their own stomachs for the wounded part.
But rage and fear alike now rouse their gall,
And twenty champions on the murd'rer fall.
The canons to support the shock, advance:
On every side ferments the direful dance;
Then Discord gives a roar, loud as when meet
Two herds of rival graziers in a street.
The bookseller was out, the troop rush in,
Fast fly his quartos; his octavos spin.
On Everard most they fall as thick as hail,
As when in spring the stony showers prevail,
And beat the blossoms till the season fail.
All arm them as they can: one gives a scotch
With *Love's Decree*; another, with the *Watch*:
This a French Tasso flings, a harmless wound,
And that the only *Jonas* ever bound.
The boy of Barbin vainly interferes,
And thrusts amidst the fray his generous ears:
Within, without, the books fly o'er and o'er,
Seek the dipp'd heads, and thump the dusty floor,
And strew the wondering platform at the door.

moiselle Scuderi. The books mentioned in this battle are either obsolete French romances, or sorry productions of the author's contemporaries.

Here, with Guarini, Terence lies: and there
Jostles with Xenophon the fop La Serre.
Oh what unheard-of books, what great unknowns,
Quitted that day their dusty garrisons!
You, *Almerinde* and *Simander*, mighty twins,
Were there, tremendous in your ancient skins:
And you, most hidden *Caloander*, saw
The light for once, drawn forth by Gaillerbois.
Doubtful of blood, each handles his brain-pan:
On every chair there lies a clergyman.
A critical *Le Vayer* hits Giraut
Just where a reader yawns, and lays him low.
Marin, who thought himself translator-proof,
On his right shoulder feels a dire Brebeuf.
The weary pang pervades his arm; he frowns
And damns the Lucan dear to country towns
Poor Dodillon, with senses render'd thick
By a *Pinchêne* in quarto, rises sick;
Then walks away. Him scorn'd in vain Garagne,
Smitten in forehead by a Charlemagne:
O wonderful effect of sacred verse!
The warrior slumbers where he meant to curse.
Great glory with a *Clelia* Bloc obtain'd;
Ten times he threw it, and ten times regain'd.

But nought, Fabri, withstood thy bulky Mars,
Thou canon, nurs'd in all the church's wars.
Big was Fabri, big bon'd, a large divine;
No water knew his elemental wine.
By him both Gronde and Grinde were overthrown,
And tenor Grosse, and Gruffe the bary-tone,

And Gingol, bad except in easy parts,
And Gigne, whose alto touched the ladies' hearts.

At last the Singers, turning one and all,
Fly to regain the loop-holes of the Hall;
So fly from a grey wolf, with sudden sweep,
The bleating terrors of a flock of sheep;
Or thus, o'erborne by the Pelidean powers,
The Trojans turning sought their windy towers;
Brontin beheld, and thus address'd Boirude:
"Illustrious carrier of the sacred wood,
Thou, who one step did'st never yet give way,
Huge as the burthen was, and hot the day;
Say, shall we look on this inglorious scene,
And bear a Canon conquering a Dean?
And shall our children's children have it said,
We stain'd the glory of the rochet's red?
Ah, no; disabled though I thus recline,
A carcase still, and a Quinaut, are mine;
Accept the covert of my bulk, and aim
A blow may crown thee with a David's fame."
He said—and tended him a gentle book;
With ardour in his eyes the Sexton took,
Then lurk'd, then aim'd, and right between the eyes,
Hit the great athlete, to his dumb surprise.
O feeble stroke! O bullet, not of lead!
The book, like butter, dumps against his head.
With scorn the Canon chafed: "Now mark," said he,
"Ye secret couple, base and cowardly,

See if this arm consents against the foe
To launch a book, that softens in the blow."
He said, and on an old Infortiat seiz'd,
In distant ages much by lawyers greas'd,
A huge black-letter mass, whose mighty hoards
More mighty look'd bound in two ponderous boards.
Half sides of old black parchment wooed the grasp,
And from three nails there hung the remnant of a clasp.
To heave it on its shelf, among the I's,
Would take three students of the common size.
The Canon, nathless, rais'd it to his head,
And on the pair, now crouching and half dead,
Sent with both hands the wooden thunder down:
Groan the two warriors, clashing in the crown,
And murder'd and undone with oak and nails,
Forth from the platform roll, and seek the guttery vales.

The Dean, astonish'd at a fall so dire,
Utters a cry as when the punch'd expire.
He curses in his heart all devilish broils,
And making awful room, six steps recoils.
Not long:—for now all eyes encountering his
To see how Deans endure calamities,
Like a chief he makes no further stand,
But drawing from his cloak his good right hand,
And stretching meek the sacred fingers twain,
Goes blessing all around him, might and main.
He knows full well, not only that the foe

Once smitten thus, can neither stand nor go,
But that the public sense of their defeat
Must leave him lord, in church as well as street.
The crowd already on his side he sees;
The cry is fierce, "Profane ones, on your knees":
The Chanter, who beheld the stroke from far,
In vain seeks courage for a sacred war:
His heart abandons him; he yields, he flies;
His soldiers follow with bewilder'd eyes:
All fly, all fear, but none escape the pain;
The conq'ring fingers follow and detain.
Everard alone, upon a book employ'd,
Had hoped the sacred insult to avoid;
But the wise chief, keeping a side-long eye,
And feigning to the right to pass him by,
Suddenly turn'd, and facing him in van,
Beyond redemption bless'd th' unhappy man.
The man, confounded with the mortal stroke,
From his long vision of rebellion woke,
Fell on his knees in penitential wise,
And gave decorum what he owed the skies.

Home trod the Dean, victorious, and ordain'd
The resurrection of the Desk regain'd:
While the vain Chapter, with its fallen crest,
Slunk to its several musings, *lost* and *bless'd*.

TRANSLATED BY LEIGH HUNT.

SOME VERSES, WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1676.

(PRESENTING A BOOK TO COSMELIA.)

GO, humble gift, go to that matchless saint,
Of whom thou only wast a copy meant:
And all, that's read in thee, more richly find
Compris'd in the fair volume of her mind;
That living system, where are fully writ
All those high morals, which in books we meet:
Easy, as in soft air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in brass they graven were.

* * * * *

JOHN OLDHAM, *Works*, 1684.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK.

PERUSE my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, *Dear charming saint*,
Beneath, *A new receipt for paint:*
Here in beau-spelling, *Tru tel deth;*
There in her own, *Far an el breth:*
Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom:*
There, *A safe way to use perfume:*

Here a page fill'd with billetdoux :
On t'other side, *Laid out for shoes ;*
Madam, I die without your grace ;
Item, *for half a yard of lace.*
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer ?
In pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out ;
And then to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoever expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool ;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

JONATHAN SWIFT, 1706.

A BOOKWORM'S CONTENT.[1]

WHILE you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here—my books :
Fixed in an elbow chair at ease
I choose my companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself ;
For after all that can be said
Our best acquaintance are the dead.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, D.D.

[1] Addressed to Dean Swift, then in London on a visit.

VERSES TO BE PREFIXED BEFORE BERNARD LINTOT'S NEW MISCELLANY.*

SOME Colinæus praise, some Bleau,
Others account them but so so;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old Elzevir;
Others with Aldus would besot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintotus.——
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read;
But all that comes from Lintot's hand,
Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their copy cost 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines
To them, their heirs, or their assigns:
But Lintot is at vast expense,
And pays prodigious dear for——sense.
Their books are useful but to few,

A scholar, or a wit or two ;
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit.

* * * * *

A. POPE, 1712.



TO A YOUNG LADY WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.*

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line ;
His easie art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great ;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read ;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred ;
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.

* * * * *

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amidst those lovers, joys his gentle ghost,
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse,
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse,
And dead as living, 'tis our author's pride,
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

A. POPE, 1712.



ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.*

(TO BERNARD LINTOT.)

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.—PLIN., *Epist.*

AS when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with diff'rent sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowl deliciously unite,
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight.

So, Bernard, must a Miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muses' Olio, which all tastes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Wouldst thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muses in the piece conspire,
The lyrick bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroick strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe;
Let not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satyr must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age;
Satyr, the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.

Tire not our patience with Pindarick lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please:
Let short-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line.
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own;
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue;
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain:
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.
Let every classick in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design:
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change;
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live;
When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little Loves rejoyce, and clap their wings
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain,
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.
But when th' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the God of love,
Like Maro's Muse he takes a loftier flight,
And towres beyond the wond'ring Cupid's sight.

If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's Muse with soft'ning accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy chuse some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains,
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spencer's strains.

Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings,
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easie lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
And silence guards the place while he repeats;
His Muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
Whether she paints the God of love, or arms:
In him, pathetick Ovid sings again,
And Homer's *Iliad* shines in his *Campaign*.

Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easie numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physick, as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves,
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams, and
groves,

Attentive Eccho pleas'd to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the sway,
And sheepskin to its sleeker gloss gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets, and scurvy letter;
While print admirers careful Aldus chuse
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news:
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintot's lofty name.

JOHN GAY, *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1714.

A MODERN LIBRARY.

* * * * *

TO please the eye, the highest space
A set of wooden volumes grace;
Pure timber authors that contain
As much as some that boast a brain;
That Alma Mater never view'd,
Without degrees to writers hew'd:
Yet solid thus just emblems show
Of the dull brotherhood below,

Smiling their rivals to survey,
As great and real blocks as they.
Distinguish'd then in even rows,
Here shines the verse and there the Prose ;
(For, though Britannia fairer looks
United, 'tis not so with books :)
The champions of each different art
Had stations all assigned apart,
Fearing the rival chiefs might be
For quarrels still, nor dead agree.
The schoolmen first in long array
Their bulky lumber round display ;
Seemed to lament their wretched doom,
And heave for more convenient room ;
While doctrine each of weight contains
To crack his shelves as well as brains ;
Since all with him were thought to dream,
That flagged before they filled a ream :
His authors wisely taught to prize,
Not for their merit, but their size ;
No surer method ever found
Than buying writers by the pound ;
For Heaven must needs his breast inspire,
That scribbling fill'd each month a quire,
And claim'd a station on his shelves,
Who scorn'd each sot who fool'd in twelves.

* * * * *

[Extract from a poem of 1,500 lines preserved in vol. iii. of Nichols's ***Miscellany Poems***, where it is said to be probably by Dr. W. King. It first appeared in 1712, and has been also ascribed to Thomas Newcomb.]

TWO EPIGRAMS.

[When George I. sent a present of some books in November 1715 to the University of Cambridge, he sent at the same time a troop of horse to Oxford, which gave rise to the following well-known epigram from Dr. Trapp, smart in its way, but not so clever as the answer from Sir William Browne.]

THE King observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment: for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

THE ANSWER.

The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

VERSES SENT TO MRS. T. B. WITH HIS WORKS.

(BY AN AUTHOR.)

THIS book, which, like its author, you
By the bare outside only knew,
(Whatever was in either good,
Not look'd in, or, not understood)

Comes, as the writer did too long,
To be about you, right or wrong;
Neglected on your chair to lie,
Nor raise a thought, nor draw an eye;
In peevish fits to have you say,
"See there! you're always in the way!"
Or, if your slave you think to bless,
"I like this colour, I profess!
That red is charming all will hold,
I ever lov'd it—next to gold."

Can book, or man, more praise obtain?
What more could G——ge or S——te gain?
Sillier than G—ld—n could'st thou be,
Nay, did all J—c—b breathe in thee,
She keeps thee, book! I'll lay my head.
What! throw away a "Fool in red":
No, trust the sex's sacred rule;
The gaudy dress will save the Fool.

The Grove: a Collection of Original Poems, 1721.

THE HORN-BOOK.

(WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.)

Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra
. Podagra hæc otia fecit.

HAIL! ancient Book, most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
The huge, unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.

Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing, in comely wainscoat bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around ;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preserving thy invaluable page ;
Behind, thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lives:
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd ; his blood thy scarlet cover dies ;
Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.

Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend ;
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold ;
Thou still shalt be my song—Apollo's choir
I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus my verse inspire :
'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made compleat ! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row ;
What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wise matrons hence, e'en to our children teach :
But as the name of every plant and flower
(So common that each peasant knows its power)
Physicians in mysterious cant express,
T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees ;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung,

Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait;
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And Tau's, and Delta's,[1] make their mothers stare;
Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never cost's too dear.
Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the same,
Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
In which thou durst all other books excell?
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
In idle pages no errata stand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulsome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various readings to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern histories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
"Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;

[1] The Greek letters T, Δ.

His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued:
In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
None could suffice to stem the furious tide,
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat."[2]

Thy heavenly notes, like angels' music, cheer
Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savoury lecture makes:
"Great A," he gravely read: the important sound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:
Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
"Great B," the younker bawls; O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel! "Great C," pronounc'd the boy;
The grandsire dies with extasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.
Of Essex hundreds Fame gives this report,
But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport.

[2] The advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus, the Stoic philosopher.

Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,
Though few the extent of thy vast empire own.
Whatever wonders magic spells can do
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
What words profound and dark wise Mahomet spoke,
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,
O mighty Book, are all contain'd in you!
All human arts, and every science meet,
Within the limits of thy single sheet:
From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now, and less severe the fits:
Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet;
Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat;
Surprising strength comes every moment on,
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at thy handle,[3] hang my crutches up.

THOMAS TICKELL.

[3] Votiva Tabula.—HOR.

THE BOOKWORM.*

COME hither, Boy! we'll hunt to-day
The Bookworm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds
(As Fame reports it) with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below;
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
 See where his teeth a passage eat;
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles; there he past,
And here we have him caught at last.
 Insatiate Brute! whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.

(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of Love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso, near,
To pile a sacred altar here.
Hold, Boy! thy hand outruns thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Phillips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim——There he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to Poets! all their days
May they have bread as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage;

But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses! make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar flotes with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what Sonnets on a wench!
What lean Translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints before the months go round.
But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh! had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays,
(Ye Pair! forgive me when I vow
I never miss'd your Works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of D'Urfey do.
Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

"This trophy, from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here Ignorance and Hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round;
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;
Two foes in one I sent to hell.
Ye Poets! who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me:
Ye Critics! born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

THOMAS PARNELL.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF GRACE LADY GETHIN.

(OCCASIONED BY READING HER BOOK "RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ," 1699.)

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live:
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!

Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this Book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years,
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise
When having read the Work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the throne eternal hymns
She sings, amid the choir of seraphims,
Or some refulgent star informs and guides,
Where she, the bless'd intelligence, presides,
Is not for us to know who here remain,
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain;
And all we ought or can, in this dark state,
Is what we have admir'd to imitate.

THOMAS PARNELL.

AN IGNORANT BOOK-COLLECTOR.

WITH what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flower of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That Science should be purchased by the yard,
And T——n turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, not game:
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduced his rent.
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! What is to be done?
He sells his last; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his mark.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As Eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
 Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And, to his cost, another must succeed,
To pay a sage, who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and Indexes has seen;
But leaves to —— what lies between,
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with the sense.

EDWARD YOUNG, *The Love of Fame*, 1725.

WRITTEN ON ONE OF THE IVORY-LEAVES OF A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

HOW blest! could I in Cloe's heart,
 As in this book, inscribe my name;
But wretched still, if there as here,
 Another fool might do the same.

Miscellaneous Poems (collected by J. Ralph), 1729.

THE PRAISE OF ANTIQUARIES.

SAGELY resolved to swell each bulky piece
 With venerable toys from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;

If in the cave where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head—
Turn Caxton, Wynkyn, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun,
There nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool.

DAVID MALLET.

TO HIS BOOK.*

OH! thou my first delight, immortal page,
Child of my soul, ah! how shalt thou repay
My fond regards, and bless the future age,
If yet unseen thy latent charms decay?

Does critic Rome thy cautious breast control?
Dismiss thy fears; the shafts of envy dare;
Go forth, unanxious; and from pole to pole,
Swift as the winds, thy master's glory bear.

See where the red right hand of thundering Jove
Hurls the fierce furies to the shades below!
He be invoked, the first of gods above,
And in our strains, his praise perennial flow.

ON THE BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY, TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS.

(BY THE MOB, IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1780.)

SO then—the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!

And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase and the gift
That graced his lettered store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was *his alone;*
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own.*

W. COWPER

ON THE SAME.

WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
In all-devouring flame,
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

O'er Murray's loss the Muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet bless'd the guardian care, that kept
His sacred head from harm.

There memory, like the bee, that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasured up before.

The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong;
The flowers are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue.

W. COWPER.

THE LIBRARY.*

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief oppressed,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest;
When every object that appears in view
Partakes her gloom and seems dejected too;
Where shall affliction from itself retire?
Where fade away and placidly expire?
Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain;
Care blasts the honours of the flowery plain:
Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove, and murmurs in the stream;

For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air:
No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas—
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus, in the calms of life, we only see
A steadier image of our misery;
But lively gales and gently clouded skies
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;
And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs employed,
Dwells on the past, or suffered or enjoyed,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.
 Not Hope herself, with all her flattering art,
Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart:
The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
And anxious searches for congenial cares;
Those lenient cares, which with our own combined,
By mixed sensations ease th' afflicted mind,
And steal our grief away, and leave their own
 behind;
A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
Without regret, nor e'en demand a cure.
 But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?

This BOOKS can do ;—nor this alone ; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live ;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise :
Their aid they yield to all : they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone :
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.
 Come, Child of Care ! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene ;
Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure, in all her cares, behold !
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic the diseased in mind ;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage;
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage ;
Here alteratives, by slow degrees control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude :—
Silent they are—but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound ;
Here all that live no more ; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.
 Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind !

Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring;
But Man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.
 In sweet repose, when Labour's children sleep,
When Joy forgets to smile and Care to weep,
When Passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
And Fear and Guilt partake the balm of rest,
Why then denies the studious man to share
Man's common good, who feels his common care?
 Because the hope is his, that bids him fly
Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy;
That after-ages may repeat his praise,
And fame's fair meed be his, for length of days.
Delightful prospect! when we leave behind
A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind!
Which, born and nursed through many an anxious day,
Shall all our labour, all our care repay.
 Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
Not all the children of a vigorous mind;
But where the wisest should alone preside,
The weak would rule us, and the blind would guide;
Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and show
The poor and troubled source from which they flow;
Where most he triumphs we his wants perceive,
And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.

But though imperfect all, yet wisdom loves
This seat serene, and virtue's self approves :—
Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find ;
The curious here to feed a craving mind ;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose ;
And here the poet meets his favouring Muse.
With awe, around these silent walks I tread ;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead :—
"The dead!" methinks a thousand tongues reply;
"These are the tombs of such as cannot die!
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time."
Hail, then, immortals! ye who shine above,
Each, in his sphere, the literary Jove ;
And ye the common people of these skies,
A humbler crowd of nameless deities ;
Whether 'tis yours to lead the willing mind
Through History's mazes, and the turnings find ;
Or, whether led by Science, ye retire,
Lost and bewildered in the vast desire ;
Whether the Muse invites you to her bowers,
And crowns your placid brows with living flowers!
Or godlike Wisdom teaches you to show
The noblest road to happiness below ;
Or men and manners prompt the easy page
To mark the flying follies of the age :
Whatever good ye boast, that good impart ;
Inform the head and rectify the heart.
Lo, all in silence, all in order stand,
And mighty folios, first, a lordly band ;

Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain :
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos ;
While undistingush'd trifles swell the scene,
The last new play and frittered magazine.
Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state :
Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
Are much admired, and are but little read :
The commons next, a middle rank, are found ;
Professions fruitful pour their offspring round ;
Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,
And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd.

First, let us view the form, the size, the dress ;
For these the manners, nay the mind, express :
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid ;
Those ample clasps of solid metal made ;
The close-pressed leaves, unclosed for many an age ;
The dull red edging of the well-filled page ;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,
Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold ;
These all a sage and laboured work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame :
No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work ;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.

Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality :

They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
His morning study, and his midnight oil,
At length an author's ONE great work appeared,
By patient hope, and length of days, endeared:
Expecting nations hailed it from the press;
Poetic friends prefixed each kind address;
Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
And ladies read the work they could not lift.
Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;
From crowds and courts to Wisdom's seat she goes
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.
For lo! these favorites of the ancient mode
Lie all neglected like the Birthday Ode.
Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain;
Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain;
No readers now invade their still retreat,
None try to steal them from their parent seat;
Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.
Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by,
And rolled, o'er laboured works, th' attentive eye:
Page after page the much-enduring men
Explored the deeps and shallows of the pen:
Till, every former note and comment known,
They marked the spacious margin with their own;
Minute corrections proved their studious care;
The little index, pointing, told us where;
And many an emendation showed the age
Looked far beyond the rubric title-page.

Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
Cloyed with a folio-*Number* once a week ;
Bibles, with cuts and comments, thus go down :
E'en light Voltaire is *numbered* through the town :
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study, and from men of straw ;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets and plays, and politics and rhymes :
But though to write be now a task of ease,
The task is hard by manly arts to please,
When all our weakness is exposed to view,
And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by,
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay ?—

To thee, DIVINITY ! to thee, the light
And guide of mortals, through their mental night ;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide ;
To bear with pain, and to contend with pride ;
When grieved, to pray ; when injured, to forgive ;
And with the world in charity to live.

Not truths like these inspired that numerous race,
Whose pious labours fill this ample space ;
But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
For dubious meanings, learned polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love ;
The brands of discord far around were hurled,
And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world :—

Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
With wit disgusting, and despised without ;
Saints in design, in execution men,
Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.
Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight ;
Spirits who prompted every damning page,
With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage :
Lo ! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground !
They pray, they fight, they murder, and they weep,
Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep ;
Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart ;
And each, like Jonah, is displeased if God
Repent his anger, or withhold his rod.
But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
And Zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought ;
Here all the rage of controversy ends,
And rival zealots rest like bosom-friends :
An Athanasian here, in deep repose,
Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes ;
Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
And thin partitions angry chiefs divide ;
Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet.
Great authors, for the church's glory fired,
Are for the church's peace to rest retired ;

And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race,
Lie "Crumbs of Comfort for the Babes of Grace."
Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends.
If learned, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness, who have soundest heads.
But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men;
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more.
Near to these seats behold yon slender frames,
All closely filled and marked with modern names;
Where no fair science ever shows her face,
Few sparks of genius, and no spark of grace;
There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
And stretch their widening wings ten thousand strong;
Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain;
Some skirmish lightly, fly, and fight again;
Coldly profane, and impiously gay,
Their end the same, though various in their way.
When first Religion came to bless the land,
Her friends were then a firm believing band;
To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,
And all was gospel that a monk could dream;
Insulted Reason fled the grov'lling soul,
For Fear to guide, and visions to control:
But now, when Reason has assumed her throne,
She, in her turn, demands to reign alone;

Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,
And, being judge, will be a witness too :
Insulted Faith then leaves the doubtful mind,
To seek for truth, without a power to find :
Ah ! when will both in friendly beams unite,
And pour on erring man resistless light ?
 Next to the seats, well stored with works divine,
An ample space, PHILOSOPHY ! is thine ;
Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
We trace the moral bounds of wrong and right ;
Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,
To the bright orbs of yon celestial way !
'Tis thine, the great, the golden chain to trace,
Which runs through all, connecting race with race,
Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
Which thy inferior light pursues in vain :—
 How vice and virtue in the soul contend ;
How widely differ, yet how nearly blend ;
What various passions war on either part,
And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart :
How Fancy loves around the world to stray,
While Judgment slowly picks his sober way ;
The stores of memory, and the flights sublime
Of genius, bound by neither space nor time ;--
All these divine Philosophy explores,
Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.
 From these, descending to the earth, she turns,
And matter, in its various forms, discerns ;
She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound ;

'Tis hers the lightning from the clouds to call,
And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.
Yet more her volumes teach—on these we look
As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book :
Here, first described, the torpid earth appears,
And next, the vegetable robe it wears ;
Where flowery tribes, in valleys, fields, and groves,
Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves ;
Loves where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain,
Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain ;
But as the green blood moves along the blade,
The bed of Flora on the branch is made ;
Where, without passion love instinctive lives,
And gives new life, unconscious that it gives.
Advancing still in Nature's maze, we trace,
In dens and burning plains, her savage race
With those tame tribes who on their lord attend,
And find in man a master and a friend ;
Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
A moral world, that well demands our view.
This world is here ; for, of more lofty kind,
These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind ;
They paint the state of man ere yet endued
With knowledge ;—man, poor, ignorant, and rude ;
Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
And all its cares, and all its comforts tell :
Here we behold how inexperience buys,
At little price, the wisdom of the wise ;
Without the troubles of an active state,
Without the cares and dangers of the great,

Without the miseries of the poor, we know
What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow ;
We see how reason calms the raging mind,
And how contending passions urge mankind :
Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire ;
Some, lured by vice, indulge the low desire ;
Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
The guilty chase, now keep the good in view ;
For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
They lead a puzzled, vexed, uncertain life ;
For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.
Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge th soul,
New interests draw, new principles control :
Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief,
But here the tortured body finds relief ;
For see where yonder sage Arachnè shapes
Her subtle gin, that not a fly escapes !
There PHYSIC fills the space, and far around,
Pile above pile her learned works abound :
Glorious their aim—to ease the labouring heart ;
To war with death, and stop his flying dart ;
To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,
And life's short lease on easier terms renew ;
To calm the frenzy of the burning brain ;
To heal the tortures of imploring pain ;
Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,
To ease the victim no device can save,
And smooth the stormy passage to the grave.

But man, who knows no good unmixed and pure,
Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure;
For grave deceivers lodge their labours here,
And cloud the science they pretend to clear;
Scourges for sin, the solemn tribe are sent;
Like fire and storms, they call us to repent:
But storms subside, and fires forget to rage.
These are eternal scourges of the age:
'Tis not enough that each terrific hand
Spreads desolations round a guilty land;
But trained to ill, and hardened by its crimes,
Their pen relentless kills through future times.
Say, ye, who search these records of the dead—
Who read huge works, to boast what ye have read,
Can all the real knowledge ye possess,
Or those—if such there are—who more than guess,
Atone for each impostor's wild mistakes,
And mend the blunders pride or folly makes?
What thought so wild, what airy dream so light,
That will not prompt a theorist to write?
What art so prevalent, what proofs so strong,
That will convince him his attempt is wrong?
One in the solids finds each lurking ill,
Nor grants the passive fluids power to kill;
A learned friend some subtler reason brings,
Absolves the channels, but condemns their springs;
The subtile nerves, that shun the doctor's eye,
Escape no more his subtler theory;
The vital heat, that warms the labouring heart,
Lends a fair system to these sons of art;

The vital air, a pure and subtile stream,
Serves a foundation for an airy scheme,
Assists the doctor and supports his dream.
Some have their favourite ills, and each disease
Is but a younger branch that kills from these ;
One to the gout contracts all human pain ;
He views it raging in the frantic brain ;
Finds it in fevers all his efforts mar,
And sees it lurking in the cold catarrh :
Bilious by some, by others nervous seen,
Rage the fantastic demons of the spleen ;
And every symptom of the strange disease
With every system of the sage agrees.
Ye frigid tribe, on whom I wasted long
The tedious hours, and ne'er indulged in song ;
Ye first seducers of my easy heart,
Who promised knowledge ye could not impart ;
Ye dull deluders, truth's destructive foes ;
Ye sons of fiction, clad in stupid prose ;
Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
Light up false fires, and send us far about ;—
Still may yon spider round your pages spin,
Subtile and slow, her emblematic gin !
Buried in dust and lost in silence, dwell,
Most potent, grave, and reverend friends—farewell !
Near these, and where the setting sun displays,
Through the dim window, his departing rays
And gilds yon columns, there, on either side,
The huge Abridgments of the LAW abide ;
Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
And spread their guardian terrors round the land ;

Yet, as the best that human care can do
Is mixed with error, oft with evil too,
Skilled in deceit, and practised to evade,
Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made,
And justice vainly each expedient tries,
While art eludes it, or while power defies.
" Ah ! happy age," the youthful poet sings,
" When the free nations knew not laws nor kings,
When all were blest to share a common store,
And none were proud of wealth, for none were poor ;
No wars nor tumults vexed each still domain,
No thirst of empire, no desire of gain ;
No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
Drove modest merit from its proper state ;
Nor into distant climes would Avarice roam,
To fetch delights for Luxury at home :
Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe,
They dwelt at liberty, and love was law ! "
" Mistaken youth ! each nation first was rude,
Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
To whom no joys of social life were known,
None felt a care that was not all his own ;
Or in some languid clime his abject soul
Bowed to a little tyrant's stern control ;
A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he raised,
And in rude song his ruder idol praised ;
The meaner cares of life were all he knew ;
Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few ;

But when by slow degrees the Arts arose,
And Science wakened from her long repose;
When Commerce, rising from the bed of ease,
Ran round the land, and pointed to the seas;
When Emulation, born with jealous eye,
And Avarice, lent their spurs to industry;
Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
Those to control, and these to succour trade;
To curb the insolence of rude command,
To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand;
To awe the bold, to yield the wronged redress,
And feed the poor with Luxury's excess."
 Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungoverned man along;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are formed, and placed on every side;
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below;
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay;
The stately fabric shakes and falls away;
Primeval want and ignorance come on,
But Freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.
 Next HISTORY ranks;—there full in front she lies,
And every nation her dread tale supplies;

Yet History has her doubts, and every age
With sceptic queries marks the passing page ;
Records of old nor later date are clear,
Too distant those, and these are placed too near ;
There time conceals the objects from our view,
Here our own passions and a writer's too :
Yet, in these volumes, see how states arose !
Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes;
Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
Lo ! how they sunk to slavery again !
Satiate with power, of fame and wealth possessed,
A nation grows too glorious to be blest;
Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.
 Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,
The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace ;
The headlong course, that maddening heroes run,
How soon triumphant, and how soon undone ;
How slaves, turned tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
And each fallen nation's melancholy tale.
 Lo ! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood ;
There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
Stand the profane delusions of the STAGE:
Yet virtue owns the TRAGIC MUSE a friend,
Fable her means, morality her end ;
For this she rules all passions in their turns,
And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns ;
Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul ;

She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre while they break her laws;
For vice in others is abhorred of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall.
 Not thus her sister COMEDY prevails,
Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails;
Folly, by Dulness armed, eludes the wound,
And harmless sees the feathered shafts rebound;
Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
Yet well the Muse portrays, in fancied scenes,
What pride will stoop to, what profession means;
How formal fools the farce of state applaud;
How caution watches at the lips of fraud;
The wordy variance of domestic life;
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife;
The snares of innocence, the lie of trade,
And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.
 With her the Virtues too obtain a place,
Each gentle passion, each becoming grace;
The social joy in life's securer road,
Its easy pleasure, its substantial good;
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.
 But who are these? Methinks a noble mien
And awful grandeur in their iorm are seen,
Now in disgrace: what though by time is spread
Polluting dust o'er every reverend head;
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by:

Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,
What seems so grave, should no attention draw!
Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of ROMANCE.
 Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head:
Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round;
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes;
Lo! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate:—
"And who art thou, thou little page, unfold?
Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold?
Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
The captive queen;—for Claribel is mine."
Away he flies; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds;
The giant falls; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys:—
Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love:—
She comes! she comes! in all the charms of youth,
Unequalled love, and unsuspected truth!
 Ah! happy he who thus, in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitched, in early rapture dreams,
Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And Fear and Ignorance afford delight.

But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys,
Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys;
Too dearly bought: maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights—blue, green, and yellow—
dead!
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew;
E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost is now at rest again;
And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
Fly Reason's power, and shun the light of Truth.
With Fiction then does real joy reside,
And is our reason the delusive guide?
Is it then right to dream the syrens sing?
Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing?
No; 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
That makes th' imagined paradise its own;
Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes:
The tear and smile, that once together rose,
Are then divorced; the head and heart are foes:
Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan,
And Pain and Prudence make and mar the man.
While thus, of power and fancied empire vain,
With various thoughts my mind I entertain;
While books, my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
Pleased with the pride that will not let them please,
Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes;

For, lo! while yet my heart admits the wound,
I see the CRITIC army ranged around.
 Foes to our race! if ever ye have known
A father's fears for offspring of your own;
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt,
With rage as sudden dashed the stanza out;—
If, after fearing much and pausing long,
Ye ventured on the world your laboured song,
And from the crusty critics of those days
Implored the feeble tribute of their praise;
Remember now the fears that moved you then,
And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.
 What vent'rous race are ours! what mighty foes
Lie waiting all around them to oppose!
What treacherous friends betray them to the fight!
What dangers threaten them:—yet still they write:
A hapless tribe! to every evil born,
Whom villains hate, and fools affect to scorn:
Strangers they come, amid a world of woe,
And taste the largest portion ere they go.
 Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes around;
The roof, methought, returned a solemn sound;
Each column seemed to shake, and clouds, like
 smoke,
From dusty piles and ancient volumes broke;
Gathering above, like mists condensed they seem,
Exhaled in summer from the rushy stream;
Like flowing robes they now appear, and twine
Round the large members of a form divine;

His silver beard, that swept his aged breast,
His piercing eye, that inward light expressed,
Were seen—but clouds and darkness veiled the rest.
Fear chilled my heart: to one of mortal race,
How awful seemed the Genius of the place!
So in Cimmerian shores, Ulysses saw
His parent-shade, and shrunk in pious awe;
Like him I stood, and wrapped in thought profound,
When from the pitying power broke forth a solemn sound:—
"Care lives with all; no rules, no precepts save
The wise from woe, no fortitude the brave;
Grief is to man as certain as the grave:
Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,
And hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies.
Some drops of comfort on the favoured fall,
But showers of sorrow are the lot of *all*:
Partial to talents, then, shall Heaven withdraw
Th' afflicting rod, or break the general law?
Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,
Life's little cares and little pains refuse?
Shall he not rather feel a double share
Of mortal woe, when doubly armed to bear?
"Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind
On the precarious mercy of mankind;
Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
And mounts o'er unknown seas with vent'rous wings;
But as, of various evils that befall
The human race, some portion goes to all;

To him perhaps the milder lot's assigned
Who feels his consolation in his mind,
And, locked within his bosom, bears about
A mental charm for every care without.
E'en in the pangs of each domestic grief,
Or health or vigorous hope affords relief;
And every wound the tortured bosom feels,
Or virtue bears, or some preserver heals;
Some generous friend of ample power possessed;
Some feeling heart, that bleeds for the distressed;
Some breast that glows with virtues all divine;
Some noble RUTLAND, misery's friend and thine.
"Nor say, the Muse's song, the Poet's pen,
Merit the scorn they meet from little men.
With cautious freedom if the numbers flow,
Not wildly high, nor pitifully low;
If vice alone their honest aims oppose,
Why so ashamed their friends, so loud their foes?
Happy for men in every age and clime,
If all the sons of vision dealt in rhyme.
Go on, then, Son of Vision! still pursue
Thy airy dreams; the world is dreaming too.
Ambition's lofty views, the pomp of state,
The pride of wealth, the splendour of the great,
Stripped of their mask, their cares and troubles known,
Are visions far less happy than thy own:
Go on! and, while the sons of care complain,
Be wisely gay and innocently vain;
While serious souls are by their fears undone,
Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,

And call them worlds! and bid the greatest show
More radiant colours in their worlds below:
Then, as they break, the slaves of care reprove,
And tell them, Such are all the toys they love."

GEORGE CRABBE, *The Library*, 1781.



THE BOOKWORMS.

[Burns saw a splendidly bound but sadly neglected copy of Shakespeare in the library of a nobleman in Edinburgh, and he wrote these lines on the ample margin of one of its pages, where they were found long after the poet's death.]

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But oh, respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings.

ROBERT BURNS.



IMITATION OF HORACE, EP. 20, BK. I.

METHINKS, oh vain, ill-judging book!
I see thee cast a wistful look,
Where reputations won and lost are
In famous row called *Paternoster*.
Incensed to find your precious olio
Buried in unexplored port-folio,
You scorn the prudent lock and key;
And pant, well-bound and gilt, to see
Your volume in the window set
Of Stockdale, Hookham, and Debrett.

Go, then, and pass that dang'rous bourn
Whence never book can back return;
And when you find—condemn'd, despis'd,
Neglected, blam'd, and criticis'd—
Abuse from all who read you fall
(If haply you be read at all),
Sorely will you for folly sigh at,
And wish for me, and home, and quiet.

Assuming now a conjuror's office, I
Thus on your future fortune prophesy:—
Soon as your novelty is o'er,
And you are young and new no more,
In some dark dirty corner thrown,
Mouldy with damps, with cobwebs strown,
Your leaves shall be the bookworm's prey;
Or sent to chandler-shop away,
And doom'd to suffer public scandal,
Shall line the trunk, or wrap the candle.
But should you meet with approbation,
And someone find an inclination
To ask, by natural transition,
Respecting me and my condition;
That I am one, th' inquirer teach,
Not very poor, nor very rich;
Of passions strong, of hasty nature,
Of graceless form and dwarfish stature;
By few approv'd and few approving;
Extreme in hating and in loving;
Abhorring all whom I dislike,
Adoring who my fancy strike:

In forming judgments never long,
And for the most part judging wrong:
In friendship firm, but still believing
Others are treach'rous and deceiving;
And thinking, in the present era,
That friendship is a pure chimera:
More passionate no creature living,
Proud, obstinate, and unforgiving;
But yet, for those who kindness shew,
Ready through fire and smoke to go.

Again, should it be asked your page,
"Pray, what may be the author's age?"
Your faults, no doubt, will make it clear,
I scarce have seen my twentieth year,
Which passed, kind reader, on my word,
While England's throne held George the Third.

Now then your venturous course pursue:
Go, my delight!—dear book, adieu!

M. G. LEWIS, *The Monk*, 1796.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.*

Hic, inquis, veto quisquam faxit oletum.
Pinge duos angues.—PERS., *Sat.* i., l. 112.

WHAT wild desires, what restless torments seize
The hapless man, who feels the book-disease,
If niggard Fortune cramp his gen'rous mind
And Prudence quench the Spark by heaven assign'd!

With wistful glance his aching eyes behold
The Princeps-copy, clad in blue and gold,
Where the tall Book-case, with partition thin,
Displays, yet guards the tempting charms within:
So great Facardin view'd, as sages[1] tell,
Fair Crystalline immur'd in lucid cell.

Not thus the few, by happier fortune grac'd,
And blessed, like you, with talents, wealth, and taste,
Who gather nobly, with judicious hand,
The Muse's treasures from each letter'd strand.
For you the Monk illum'd his pictur'd page,
For you the press defies the Spoils of age;
FAUSTUS for you infernal tortures bore,
For you ERASMUS[2] starv'd on Adria's shore.
The FOLIO-ALDUS loads your happy Shelves,
And dapper ELZIVERS, like fairy elves,
Shew their light forms amidst the well-gilt Twelves:
In slender type the GIOLITOS shine,
And bold BODONI stamps his Roman line.
For you the LOUVRE opes its regal doors,
And either DIDOT lends his brilliant stores:
With faultless types, and costly sculptures bright,
IBARRA'S Quixote charms your ravish'd sight;
LABORDE in splendid tablets shall explain
Thy beauties, glorious, tho' unhappy SPAIN!

[1] Sages: Count Hamilton in the *Quartre Facardins*, and Mr. M. Lewis in his *Tales of Romance.*

[2] See the "Opulentia Sordida" in his *Colloquies*, where he complains feelingly of the spare Venetian diet.

O hallowed name, the theme of future years,
Embalm'd in Patrot-blood, and England's tears,
Be thine fresh honours from the tuneful tongue,
By Isis' stream which mourning Zion sung!

But devious oft from ev'ry classic Muse,
The keen Collector meaner paths will choose;
And first the Margin's breadth his soul employs,
Pure, snowy, broad, the type of nobler joys.
In vain might HOMER roll the tide of song,
Or HORACE smile, or TULLY charm the throng;
If crost by Pallas' ire, the trenchant blade
Or too oblique, or near, the edge invade,
The Bibliomane exclaims, with haggard eye,
"No Margin!" turns in haste, and scorns to buy;
He turns where PYBUS rears his Atlas-head,
Or MADOC'S mass conceals its veins of lead.
The glossy lines in polish'd order stand,
While the vast margin spreads on either hand,
Like Russian wastes, that edge the frozen deep,
Chill with pale glare, and lull to mortal sleep.[3]

Or English books, neglected and forgot,
Excite his wish in many a dusty lot:

[3] It may be said that Quintillian recommends margins; but it is with a view to their being occasionally occupied: "Debet vacare etiam locus, in quo notentur quæ scribentibus solent extra ordinem, id est ex aliis quam qui sunt in manibus loci, occurrere. Irrumpunt enim optimi nonnunquam Sensus, quos neque inserere oportet, neque differre tutum est" (*Instit.*, lib. x., c. 3). He was therefore no *margin-man*, in the modern sense.

Whatever trash *Midwinter* gave to-day,
Or *Harper's* rhiming sons, in paper gray,
At every auction, bent on fresh supplies,
He cons his Catalogue with anxious eyes:
Where'er the slim Italics mark the page,
Curious and rare his ardent mind engage.
Unlike the Swans, in Tuscan Song display'd,
He hovers eager o'er Oblivion's Shade,
To snatch obscurest names from endless night,
And give COKAIN or FLETCHER[4] back to light.
In red morocco drest he loves to boast
The bloody murder, or the yelling ghost;
Or dismal ballads, sung to crowds of old,
Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.
Yet to th' unhonour'd dead be Satire just;
Some flowers[5] "smell sweet and blossom in their dust."
'Tis thus ev'n SHIRLEY boasts a golden line,
And LOVELACE strikes, by fits, a note divine.
Th' unequal gleams like midnight-lightnings play,
And deepen'd gloom succeeds, in place of day.

[4] Fletcher, a translation of Martial. A very bad poet, but exceedingly scarce.

[5] Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.
SHIRLEY.

Perhaps Shirley had in view this passage of Persius:—

Nunc non é tumulo, fortunataque favilla
Nascentur Violæ.—*Sat.* i., l. 37.

But human bliss still meets some envious storm ;
He droops to view his PAYNTER'S mangled form ;
Presumptuous grief, while pensive Taste repines
O'er the frail relics of her Attic Shrines !
O for that power, for which Magicians vye,
To look through earth, and secret hoards descry !
I'd spurn such gems as Marinel[6] beheld,
And all the wealth Aladdin's cavern held,
Might I devine in what mysterious gloom
The rolls of sacred bards have found their tomb :
Beneath what mould'ring tower, or waste champain,
Is hid MENANDER, sweetest of the train ;
Where rests ANTIMACHUS' forgotten lyre,
Where gentle SAPPHO'S still seductive fire ;
Or he,[7] whom chief the laughing Muses own,
Yet skill'd with softest accents to bemoan
Sweet Philomel in strains so like her own.[8]

The menial train has prov'd the Scourge of wit,
Ev'n Omar burnt less Science than the spit.
Earthquakes and wars remit their deadly rage,
But ev'ry feast demands some fated page.
Ye Towers of Julius,[9] ye alone remain
Of all the piles that saw our nation's strain,
When HARRY'S sway opprest the groaning realm,
And Lust and Rapine seiz'd the wav'ring helm.

[6] *Faerie Queene.*
[7] Aristophanes.
[8] See his exquisite hymn to the Nightingale in his Ορνιθες.
[9] Gray.

Then ruffian-hands defaced the sacred fanes,
Their saintly statues and their storied panes ;
Then from the chest, with ancient art embost,
The Penman's pious scrolls were rudely tost ;
Then richest manuscripts, profusely spread,
The brawny Churl's devouring Oven fed :
And thence Collectors date the heav'nly ire
That wrapt Augusta's domes in sheets of fire.[10]

Taste, tho' misled, may yet some purpose gain,
But Fashion guides a book-compelling brain.[11]
Once, far apart from Learning's moping crew,
The travell'd beau displayed his red-heel'd shoe,
Till ORFORD rose, and told of rhiming Peers,
Repeating *noble* words to polish'd ears ;[12]
Taught the gay crowd to prize a flutt'ring name,
In trifling toil'd, nor "blush'd to find it fame."
The letter'd fop now takes a larger scope,
With classic furniture, design'd by HOPE
(HOPE, whom Upholst'rers eye with mute despair,
The doughty pedant of an elbow-chair ;)
Now warm'd by ORFORD, and by Granger school'd
In Paper-books, superbly gilt and tool'd,
He pastes, from injur'd volumes snipt away,
His *English Heads*, in chronicled array.
Torn from their destin'd page (unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed)

[10] The Fire of London.
[11] Cloud-compelling Jove.—POPE'S *Iliad*.
[12] . . . gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ.—JUVENAL.

Not FAITHORNE's stroke, nor FIELD's own types can save
The gallant VERES, and one-eyed OGLE [13] brave.
Indignant readers seek the image fled,
And curse the busy fool, who *wants a head.*

Proudly he shows, with many a smile elate,
The scrambling subjects of the *private plate*;
While Time their actions and their names bereaves,
They grin for ever in the guarded leaves.

Like Poets, born, in vain Collectors strive
To cross their Fate, and learn the art to thrive,
Like Cacus, bent to tame their struggling will,
The Tyrant-passion drags them backward still;
Ev'n I, debarr'd of ease, and studious hours,
Confess, mid anxious toil, its lurking pow'rs.
How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold!
The eye skims restless, like the roving bee,
O'er flowers of wit, or song, or repartee,
While sweet as Springs, new-bubbling from the stone,
Glides through the breast some pleasing theme unknown.
Now dipt in ROSSI's [14] terse and classic style,
His harmless tales awake a transient smile.

[13] "The gallant Veres and one-eyed Ogle." Three fine heads, for the sake of which the beautiful and interesting *Commentaries* of Sir Francis Vere have been mutilated by the collectors of English portraits.

[14] Generally known by the name of Janus Nicius Erythræus. The allusion is to his *Pinacotheca*.

Now BOUCHET's motley stores my thoughts arrest,
With wond'rous reading, and with learned jest:
Bouchet [15] whose tomes a grateful line demand,
The valued gift of STANLEY's lib'ral hand.
Now sadly pleased, through faded Rome I stray,
And mix regrets with gentle DU BELLAY; [16]
Or turn, with keen delight, the curious page,
Where hardly PASQUIN [17] braves the Pontiff's rage.

But D——n's strains should tell the sad reverse,
When Business calls, invet'rate foe to verse!
Tell how "the Demon claps his iron hands,"
"Waves his lank locks, and scours along the lands."
Through wintry blasts, or summer's fire I go,
To scenes of danger, and to sights of woe.
Ev'n when to Margate ev'ry Cockney roves,
And brain-sick poets long for shelt'ring groves,
Whose lofty shades exclude the noontide glow,
While Zephyrs breathe, and waters trill below,[18]

[15] *Les Serées de Guillaume Bouchet*, a book of uncommon rarity. I possess a handsome copy by the kindness of Colonel Stanley.

[16] *Les Regrets*, by Joachim du Bellay, contains a most amusing and instructive account of Rome in the sixteenth century.

[17] *Pasquillorum Tomi duo.*

[18] Errare per lucos, æmænæ,
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.
HORAT.

Me rigid Fate averts, by tasks like these,
From heav'nly musings, and from letter'd ease.

Such wholesome checks the better Genius sends,
From dire rehearsals to protect our friends:
Else when the social rites our joys renew,
The stuff'd Portfolio would alarm your view,
Whence volleying rhimes your patience would o'ercome,
And, spite of kindness, drive you early home.
So when the traveller's hasty footsteps glide
Near smoking lava on Vesuvio's side,
Hoarse-mutt'ring thunders from the depths proceed;
And spouting fires incite his eager speed,
Appall'd he flies, while rattling show'rs invade,
Invoking ev'ry Saint for instant aid:
Breathless, amaz'd, he seeks the distant shore,
And vows to tempt the dang'rous gulph no more.

JOHN FERRIAR, *The Bibliomania: An Epistle to Richard Heber, Esq.*, 1809.

ADDRESS FROM THE BOOK-COLLECTOR TO THE BOOK-READER.

YE Pedants, burning to be known
For literary blood, and bone,
Though all your energies are shewn
In opening Authors, like dissectors,—

Give room !—and, gulping your disgrace,
Be taught to take the *second* place ;
The *first*—I vaunt it to your face—
 Belongs to . . . whom but Us COLLECTORS ?

Book-worms, attend !—I'll make it good—
(What Ye by halves have understood)—
Your reading is unwholesome food,
 And serves but to oppress the system :
Our TITLE-PAGE is just enough ;—
It does not starve—it does not stuff ;
Presents the smooth, removes the rough,
 And shews the fruits, where *you* have miss'd 'em.

Idolator of Greece, and Rome !
That div'st into the deepening tome,
In quest of Sages far from home, . . .
 Thou, seeking others, drown'st thy self :—
Collectors know a safer way ;
We skim the gulf in airy play,
And what we gather through the day,
 Endangers nothing . . . but the shelf.

In pity of thy weary coil,
By morning dawn, and midnight oil,
I'll school thee how to cheat the toil,—
 Blabbing the secrets of our Doing :—
FOUR RULES, AND FOUR !—*that* Spell contains
The mystery of our learned gains,—
The wealth, discumbered of the pains ;—
 Perpend the charmed words ensuing :

FIRST MAXIM.

Who slaves the monkish *Folio* through,
With lore, or science, in his view,—
Him . . . Visions black, or Devils blue,
 Shall haunt at his expiring taper :—
Yet, 'tis a weakness of the Wise,
To chuse the volume by the size,
And riot in the pond'rous prize,—
 Dear *Copies* . . . "*printed on* LARGE PAPER !'

SECOND MAXIM.

Who, with fantastic pruning-hook,
Dresses the borders of his book,
Merely to ornament its look—
 Amongst Philosophers a fop is :
What if, perchance, he thence discover
Facilities in turning over ?
The *Virtuoso* is a Lover
 Of coyer charms in " UNCUT COPIES."

THIRD MAXIM.

Who, swearing not a line to miss,
Doats on the leaf his fingers kiss,
Thanking the *Words* for all his bliss,—
 Shall rue, at last, his passion frustrate :
We love the page that draws its flavour
From Draftsman, Etcher, and Engraver,
And hint the Booby (by his favour)
 His gloomy " *Copy* " to " ILLUSTRATE."

FOURTH MAXIM.

Who in *all* Copies finds delight—
The wrong not scenting from the right—
And, with a choiceless appetite,
 Just comes to *feed*, . . . like Soph, or Templar,—
Out on his iron stomach !—*We*
Have rarities we merely *see*,
Nor *taste* our *Phœnix*, though it be . . .
 Serv'd up in the "UNIQUE EXEMPLAR."

FIFTH MAXIM.

Who blindly take the Book display'd
By Pettifoggers in the Trade,
Nor ask of what the leaf was made,
 That *seems* like *Paper*,—I can tell 'em,
That though 'tis possible to squint
Through any page with letters in't,
No Copy, though an Angel *print*,
 Reads elegantly—but "*on* VELLUM."

SIXTH MAXIM.

Who of *Editions* recks the least,
But, when that Hog, his Mind, would feast,
Fattens the intellectual Beast
 With old, or new, without ambition,—
I'll teach the pig to soar on high,
(If pigs had pinions, by the bye) ;—
Howe'er the *last* may *satisfy*,
 The *bonne bouche* is the "FIRST *Edition*."

SEVENTH MAXIM.

Who dares to "write me down an Ass,"
When, spying through the curious mass,
I rub my hands, and wipe my glass,
If, 'chance, an *Error* bless my notice,—
Will prize, when drill'd into his duty,
These lovely warts of ugly beauty;
For Books, when *false*, (it may be new t' ye,)
Are "TRUE *Editions:*"—odd, . . . but *so* 'tis.

EIGHTH MAXIM.

Who dreams the *Type* should please us all,
That's not too thin, and not too tall,
Nor much awry, nor over small,
And, if but ROMAN, asks no better—
May die in darkness:—I, for one,
Disdain to tell the barb'rous Hun
That Persians but adore the sun
Till taught to know *our* god—**Black-Letter.**

REV. J. BERESFORD, *Bibliosophia*, 1810.

OF BOOKS.

OF books I sing. Of all that greets the eye,
And warms the fancy, and delights the heart,
And touches, by a thousand secret springs,
Congenial, the enraptured soul, in shape

Of folded leaves imprinted, the coy muse
Willing, yet anxious, now essays to sing.

T. F. DIBDIN, *Bibliography : a Poem*, 1812.



ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS, *Poems*, 1817.



OVER THE THRESHOLD OF MY LIBRARY.*

FROM mouldering Abbeny's dark Scriptorium brought,
See vellum tomes by monkish labour wrought;
Nor yet the comma born, Papyri see,
And uncial letters wizard grammary;
View my *fifteeners* in their rugged line;
What ink! what linen! only known long syne—
Entering where ALDUS might have fixed his throne,
Or Harry Stephens covetted his own.

REV. HENRY DRURY.

TO MY BOOKS ON PARTING WITH THEM.[1]

AS one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved associates! chief of elder Art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,

[1] Roscoe's books were sold in Liverpool, August—September, 1816.

And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

TO BOCCACCIO IN HEAVEN.

(A PARODY.)

TO Boccaccio in Heaven, as he chatted one day
With Chaucer and Caxton, and two or three more,
The news of our Meeting went up, as they say,
And it set the Celestial Bard in a roar :
Says he, "Well I ween
When these fellows convene,
My laurels look fresher, more lively their green ;
So myself from this hour, I exultingly dub,
The Patron and Friend of the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

But since they of *me* as their origin boast,
I shall storm, like King 'Herode,' as drawn by Ihan Parfre,
Unless, as their first Anniversary toast,
They drink in a bumper, my printer *Valdarfer*" ;
Quoth *Wynken de Worde* :
"'Twill be vastly absurd,
Unless *Caxton's* their second, and I am their third ;

Then the whole will go smoothly, unchecked by
a rub,
And we all shall be pleased at the ROXBURGHE
CLUB."

Let the poor plodding pedant our revels despise,
Who would cover his dullness with gravity's
cloak :
Cui bono? What brings them together? he cries—
Why to eat, and to drink, and to laugh, and to
joke :
With the joys of old wine
From France or the Rhine,
Old friends, and old books, at our wassail com-
bine ;
While the butterfly fop, and the miserly grub,
Are excluded alike from the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

That our social enjoyment of rational mirth
Is an evening well spent, e'en a cynic might
own ;
If Diogenes' self could revisit the earth,
He would soften his manners and alter his tone :
Alexander the Great
He contemned, and his State ;
But on D * * * * I'm sure he would civilly wait ;
And beg that he'd try to make room for his Tub,
As he longed for a frisk with the ROXBURGHE
CLUB.

But it is not alone, that good-humour'd and hearty,
Mirth's Goddess admits us to join in her crew ;

That we shine, both distinguished *Mercurio et Marte*,
To our Chief and our Founder the honour is due:
Old Spencer, a name
That for ever shall claim
The loftiest place in the Temple of Fame;
And Marlborough, who France could, like Wellington, drub,
Are emblazoned at once in the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

From your humble servant,
June 17, 1817. A MEMBER.[1]

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unpledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all—and sellest some—
My Murray.

[1] Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., who was killed in a duel by Mr. Stuart, April 26th, 1822. The cause of quarrel was a libel which had appeared in the *Edinburgh Beacon*. A reference to the Roxburghe Club will be found on page 176.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new *Quarterly* is seen,—
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And heaven forbid I should conclude
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray!

LORD BYRON (Venice), March 25, 1818.

THE SCHOLAR IN HIS LIBRARY.

MY days among the Dead are pass'd
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead: with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their griefs and fears;
And from their sober lessons find
Instructions with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead: anon
With them my place will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
Which will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY, 1818.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

WINGS have we—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am;
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

W. WORDSWORTH, *Personal Talk.*

STANZAS COMPOSED IN REV. J. MITFORD'S LIBRARY.

O! I methinks could dwell content
A spell-bound captive here;
And find, in such imprisonment,
Each fleeting moment dear;—
Dear, not to outward sense alone,
But thought's most elevated tone.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,
Their sweetest music make;
The March winds, through the lofty trees,
Their wilder strains awake;
Or from the broad magnolia leaves
A gentler gale its spirit leaves.

Nor less the eye enraptur'd roves
O'er turf of freshest green,
O'er bursting flowers, and budding groves,
And sky of changeful mien,
Where sunny glimpses, bright and blue,
The fleecy clouds are peeping through.

Thus sooth'd, in every passing mood,
How swift each gifted page,
Rich with the mind's ambrosial food,
The Muse's brighter age!
How sweet, communion here to hold
With them, the mighty Bards of old!

With them—whose master spirits yet
In deathless numbers dwell,
Whose works defy us to forget
Their still surviving spell;—
That spell, which lingers in a name,
Whose every echo whispers Fame!

Could aught enhance such hours of bliss,
It were in converse known
With him who boasts a scene like this,
An Eden of his own;
Whose taste and talent gave it birth,
And well can estimate its worth.

BERNARD BARTON, 1820.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MELODY.

(ADDRESSED TO THE ROXBURGHE CLUB.)

THAT Life is a Comedy oft hath been shown,
By all who Mortality's changes have known ;
But more like a Volume its actions appear,
Where each Day is a Page and each Chapter a Year.
'Tis a Manuscript Time shall full surely unfold,
Though with Black-Letter shaded, or shining with gold ;
The Initial, like Youth, glitters bright on its Page,
But its Text is as dark—as the gloom of Old Age.
Then Life's Counsels of Wisdom engrave on thy breast,
And deep on thine Heart be her lessons imprest.

Though the Title stands first it can little declare
The Contents which the Pages ensuing shall bear ;
As little the first day of Life can explain
The succeeding events which shall glide in its train.
The Book follows next, and, delighted, we trace
An Elzevir's beauty, a Gutenberg's grace ;
Thus on pleasure we gaze with as raptured an eye,
Till, cut off like a Volume imperfect, we die !
Then Life's Counsels of Wisdom engrave on thy breast,
And deep on thine Heart be her lessons imprest.

Yet e'en thus imperfect, complete, or defaced,
The skill of the Printer is still to be traced;
And though Death bend us early in life to his will,
The wise hand of our Author is visible still.
Like the Colophon lines is the Epitaph's lay,
Which tells of what age and what nation our day,
And, like the Device of the Printer, we bear
The form of the Founder, whose Image we wear.
Then Life's Counsels of Wisdom engrave on thy breast,
And deep on thine Heart be her lessons imprest.

The work thus completed its Boards shall inclose,
Till a Binding more bright and more beauteous it shows;
And who can deny, when Life's Vision hath past,
That the dark Boards of Death shall surround us at last?
Yet our Volume illumed with fresh splendours shall rise,
To be gazed at by Angels, and read to the skies,
Reviewed by its Author, revised by his Pen,
In a fair new Edition to flourish again.
Then Life's Counsels of Wisdom engrave on thy breast,
And deep on thine Heart be her lessons imprest.

RICHARD THOMSON, 1820.

ON FINDING A BOOK, WHICH HAD BEEN LONG LAID BY.

DELIGHT of childhood, as I once again
Turn thy loved leaves, how many a tender thought
And soft emotion rises, deeply fraught
With not unpleasing pensiveness and pain!
Thou wak'st the first, and lo, a long—long train
Of recollections to my view are brought,
Of recollections, that I oft have sought
'Mid the dark annals of the past, in vain.
Yes, Memory, I confess thy fond control!
All freshly colour'd by thy brightest ray,
Shades of departed joys fleet o'er my soul,
Fair as the clouds, that oft, at close of day,
O'er evening's melancholy bosom roll;
Alas, as unsubstantial too, as they!

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND, 1821.

ONE VOLUME MORE.*

ASSIST me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more.
We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright *Evergreen;*
Two light little volumes (intended for four)
Still leave us the task to print one volume more.

His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out, or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.

Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,
And weighed every letter in critical scales,
But left out some brief words, which the prudish abhor,
And castrated Banny in one volume more.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concern'd
I can't call that worthy so candid as learn'd,
He rail'd at the plaid and blasphemed the claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs like a Nebuchadnezzar,
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his one volume more.

The stout Gothie Yeditur,[1] next on the roll,
With his beard like a brush, and as black as a coal;
And honest Greysteel,[2] that was true to the core,
Lent their hearts and their hands each to one volume more.

[1] James Sibbald. [2] David Herd.

Since by these single champions what wonders
were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?
Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we count in our
corps,
And the Trade and the Press join for one volume
more.

Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure ye,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;
Then hear your Committee, and let them count o'er
The Chiels they intend in their three volumes more.

They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and
sext,
And the Rob of Dumblane and her bishops come
next;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes
more,
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes
more.[3]

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1823.

[3] "George Bannatyne, whose MSS. were printed under Sir Walter's presidency of the Bannatyne Club, was a scholar who, in 1568, copied out a quantity of perishing books, especially of Old Scotch poetry. This task beguiled him in a time of pestilence."—A. LANG. [We have omitted the "refrains" from each of the verses, except the first and the last.—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EVERYDAY BOOK."

I LIKE you, and your book, ingenious Hone!
In whose capacious all-embracing leaves
The very marrow of tradition's shown;
And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced.
Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,
With good old story quaintly interlaced—
The theme as various as the reader's mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—
Yet kindly,—that the half-turn'd Catholic
Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,
And cannot curse the candid heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page;
Our fathers' mummeries we well-pleased behold,
And, proudly conscious of a purer age,
Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honoured Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,
Must needs bestow on you both good and many,
Who, building trophies of his children's praise,
Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
The title only errs, he bid me say;

For while such art, wit, reading, there are shown,
He swears, 'tis not a book of *every day*.

CHARLES LAMB, *London Magazine*, MAY, 1825.

AT A BOOKSTALL.

I SAW a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

CHARLES LAMB, *Essays of Elia*.

HOW TO KILL BOOKWORMS.

THERE is a sort of busy worm
That will the fairest books deform,
By gnawing holes throughout them;
Alike through every leaf they go,
Yet of its merits nought they know,
Nor care they aught about them.

Their tasteless tooth will tear and taint
The poet, patriot, sage, or saint,
Nor sparing wit nor learning:
Now, if you'd know the reason why,
The best of reasons I'll supply—
'Tis bread to the poor vermin.

Of pepper, snuff, or 'bacca-smoke,
And russia-calf they make a joke.
Yet why should sons of science
These puny, rankling reptiles dread?
'Tis but to let their books be read,
And bid the worms defiance.

I. F. M. DOVASTON, *Poems*, 1825.

BOOKBINDING.

EMBODIED thought enjoys a splendid rest
On guardian shelves, in emblem costume drest;
Like gems that sparkle in the parent mine,
Through crystal mediums the rich coverings shine;
Morocco flames in scarlet, blue and green,
Impress'd with burnish'd gold, of dazzling sheen;
Arms deep emboss'd the owner's state declare,
Test of their worth—their age—and his kind care
Embalm'd in russia stands a valued pile,
That time impairs not, nor vile worms defile;
Russia, exhaling from its scented pores

Its saving power to these thrice-valued stores,
In order fair arranged in volumes stand,
Gay with the skill of many a modern hand;
At the expense of sinew and of bone,
The fine papyrian leaves are firm as stone:
Here all is square as by masonic rule,
And bright the impression of the burnished tool.
On some the tawny calf a coat bestows,
Where flowers and fillets beauteous forms compose:
Others in pride the virgin vellum wear,
Beaded with gold—as breast of Venus fair;
On either end the silken head-bands twine,
Wrought by some maid with skilful fingers fine—
The yielding back falls loose, the hinges play,
And the rich page lies open to the day.
Where science traces the unerring line,
In brilliant tints the forms of beauty shine;
These, in our works, as in a casket laid,
Increase the splendour by their powerful aid.

J. M'CREERY.

AN INVENTORY OF THE FURNITURE IN DR. PRIESTLEY'S STUDY.

A LIST of folks that kicked a dust,
On this poor globe, from Ptol. the first.

* * * * *

The Fathers, ranged in goodly row,
A decent, venerable show,

Writ a great while ago, they tell us,
And many an inch o'ertop their fellows.

Sermons, or politics or plays,
Papers and books, a stranged mixed olio,
From shilling touch to pompous folio;
Answer, remark, reply, rejoinder,
Fresh from the mint, all stamped and coined here.

* * * * *

Forgotten rhymes and college themes,
Wormeaten plans and embryo schemes,
A mass of heterogenus matter,
A chaos dark, nor land nor water.

* * * * *

MRS. BARBAULD, *Works*, 1825.

TO MY BOOKS.

SILENT companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take—
Let me return to *you*, this turmoil ending,
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought;
Till happily meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime

My native language spoken in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

THE HON. CAROLINE NORTON.

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE BOOK

[Called *The Book of Follies*, in which every one that opened it was to contribute something].

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself.
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly:
Yet, still, O Book! the illusion stands;
For these were penned by *female* hands:
The rest—alas! I own the truth—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,
Disdainful, flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,

White as the snowings of that heav'n
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh, such,
The blast of Disappointment's touch!—
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not ev'n a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever!

THOMAS MOORE, *Juvenile Poems.*



THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

HOW hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through;—
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the bookshelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends:
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

Now tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound
'Tis surely extra-gilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

My Hall and Hill were levelled flat,
But Moore was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them Sprat,
They swallowed up my Pye.

O'er everything, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my Hogg and Fox one night,
And pocketed my Campbell.

And then I saw my Crabbe at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;

And, as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my Rowe.

I wondered into what balloon
My books their course had bent;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
I found my Marvell went.

My Mallet served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My Johnson proved a Walker.

While studying o'er the fire one day
My Hobbes amidst the smoke,
They bore my Colman clean away,
And carried off my Coke.

They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent's worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a Home on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing Swift,
As swiftly went my Steele.

Hope is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated;
But, what is strange, my Pope himself
Is excommunicated.

My little Suckling in the grave
 Is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save
 'Twas mine to lose—a Savage.

Even Glover's works I cannot put
 My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my Foote
 My Bunyan has been gone.

My Hoyle with Cotton went; oppressed,
 My Taylor too must sail;
To save my Goldsmith from arrest,
 In vain I offered Bayle.

I Prior sought, but could not see
 The Hood so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for Lee,
 Oh! where was my Leigh Hunt?

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
 Yet could not Tickell touch,
And then, alas! I missed my Mickle,
 And surely mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
 My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my Reid,
 Nor even use my Hughes.

To West, to South, I turn my head,
 Exposed alike to odd jeers;

For since my Roger Ascham's fled,
I ask 'em for my Rogers.

They took my Horne—and Horne Tooke, too,
And thus my treasures flit;
I feel, when I would Hazlitt view,
The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, Wordsworth gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doated on
Was swept off—with my Broome.

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry
"My Livy has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on Gray
There's gray upon my locks.

I'm far from young—am growing pale—
I see my Butter fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
'Tis Burton! I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.

LAMAN BLANCHARD, 1830.

THE LONDON BOOKSELLERS;

OR "WHAT'S IN A NAME?" *

LONG hail to Longman and his longer Co.,[1]
Pride of our city's Paternoster Row![2]
Thy trade forego in novel trash romantic,
And treat the world to something more gigantic.

Let Underwood all essays sell on *trees*,
On *shrubs*, or growth of *brushwood*, if he please;
All works on *brewing* leave to Mr. Porter;
To Boosey, *temperance* for his firm supporter.

Leave to friend Bull all works on *horned cattle*,
While Reid will teach the youthful mind to *prattle*:
Give *Bohn* anatomy; give Mason *sculpture*;
Gardiner's *engrafted* upon *horticulture*.

[1] "Of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown,
Our fathers of the Row!"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[2] Paternoster Row—now the greatest book-mart in the world—did not begin to assume any consequence till the booksellers deserted Little Britain in the reign of Queen Anne. The south-west end, before that period, was noted for mercers, lacemen, haberdashers, and similar trades. There were, however, booksellers here in the middle of the sixteenth century.

For valuation tables on the price of land
Why should we seek? since Byfield is at hand;
For works on draining either bog or fen,
In Marsh and Moore we have the choice of men.

Give Sherwood tales of merry men, who stood,
Firm to their robbing, around *Robin Hood.*
Ogle take *optics*—Miller, works on *grain*—
Ridgway, on *railroads—surgery* with Payne.

Hail, Pic-a-dilly, Hatchard, thy vocation
Should be prolific, for 'tis *incubation;*
Thy pious care brought Egley into note,
And still on Gosling some folks say you dote.

But to my plan. To make the dull ones plod-well,
Books for the use of *schools* give Mr. Rodwell;
And works on painting should you ever lack,
You need but brush to either Grey or Black.

From Cowie works on vaccination fetch—
Pedestrian tours from Walker or from Stretch;
And if in search of wonders you should range,
Where can you get them better than from Strange?

The suffering climbing-boys our pity claim—
To aid their interests, Suttaby I'd name;
And as they're oft of *churchyard terrors* slaves,
Print works to cure them, O, Moon, Boys, and
Graves!

For plans of bridges, Arch would be the best;
For stairs and steps on Banister I'd rest;
All that relates to church or chapel holy,
I vote that such be Elder's business solely.

Sustenance on *diet* surely ought to treat;
Joy gives us *human happiness* complete;
Tilt will all works on *tournament* enhance;
The law—Oh! that of course I leave to Chance.

Priestly and Chappel may divide theology,
Hookman and Roach the angling and *ichthyology;*
And for *phrenology*, what need of rumpus,
One for his *nob* will do—so take it, Bumpus!

Comic Offering, 1833.

THE MEMORY OF GREAT POETS.

(WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE.)

HOW bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flow'rs, that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,—
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—

Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus-hill have bloom'd elate;
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turn'd to clay, whereof they were create;
But god Apollo hath them all enroll'd,
And blazon'd on the very clouds of Fate!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BOOKSELLERS' SONG.[1]

Air—"Liberty Hall."

BROTHER booksellers, stationers, copyright-holders!
Typographers royal! RARE binders and folders!

[1] Written for the Booksellers' Annual Festival, held at Blackwall, June 13, 1839, R. Spottiswoode, Esq., in the chair. This may be considered the first song written for that interesting occasion. On the 16th of December, 1836, the Booksellers' Provident Institution was established, for the mutual assistance and support of decayed booksellers and booksellers' assistants, being members, and of their widows; Cosmo Orme, Chairman: and on the 3rd of September, 1845, the foundation-stone of their Provident Retreat, at Abbot's Langley, Hertfordshire, was laid by the Right Hon. Earl of Clarendon, upon ground given by John Dickinson, Esq., paper manufacturer, of London.

This true social meeting I beg to compare
To the GREAT BOOK OF LIFE, where we all have a share.

'Tis a mighty good thing, and a test of good feeling,
To meet and discourse of the goods that we deal in;
And sure none can boast of more dignified gains,
For we live by the furnishing other men's brains.

To "Time's storehouse" itself, when the public would go,
The *index* of Fame points at once to the "*Row!*"
A fact that speaks *volumes!* since there are unfurl'd
All the learning, and science, and wit in this world!

How few can conceive the magnificent scenes,
Beheld in that *depôt* of grand magazines;
For 'tis no idle prate or assertion to say,
A review's quite a fool to a *magazine day*.

Yet serene 'midst the battle, that rages by fits,
Sword-cutlers as 'twere to the army of wits!
We say to the *Public* 'tis time to look round,
When you all bring your intellects here to be ground.

If your study be Man, we present the "Whole Duty";
If Woman's the theme, then 'tis "Heath's Book of Beauty";

Would the lawyer seek chaff, or the farmer good
crops,
They all throng alike to the booksellers' shops.

Thither hies the poor bard, growing thinner and
thinner,
Who can't scratch up thought to procure him a
dinner!
He starts a rich quarry, (none happens to know it,)
And bursts out at once an *original poet!*

Yet the public are told that we're "shockingly
hard,"
And thrive but by starving the poor "luckless"
bard,
Though we sell "Mines of Thought" for odd
shillings, and (zounds)
Buy 'em back the next day for as many score pounds!

Some want cures for the gout, for the dropsy, or
phthisics,
E'en doctors themselves will hunt up metaphysics;
To botanical students we make it appear
We've an "Annual" for more than each month in
the year.

We've theology, history, novels, and tales,
But I won't say which knocks down the best at
trade-sales!

Though 'tis still far from *rare* that the muse cuts
a caper,
Turning *realms of romance* into *reams of waste*
paper.

People want some good book e'en to tap a good
barrel!
They can't go to law and maintain a good quarrel,
You can't make it up, and the small bill discharge,
Except by consulting the "Statutes at large."

Now to crown our success, may the public cry
"bravo!"
Whatever we print, either twelves or octavo!
While true to our *Post*, we're for ever the sort O!
To drink Queen and Prince in a right "royal
quart-O."

J. MAJOR.

SONG—THE BOOKSELLERS' BANQUET.[1]

GRAVE vendors of volumes, best friends of the
Nine,
Give ear to my song as to charm you I try;
Other bards may in vain look for audience like
mine,
For the muses they chant, for the booksellers I.

[1] Sung at the Booksellers' Annual Dinner, Blackwall, June 7, 1840.

Their notes I have drawn, so 'tis nothing but fair
That my notes should be drawn, if they please,
at a beck;
Undaunted I warble—I truly declare
My song is most valued when met by a *cheque.*

The work we've just finished went off very well;
It was set out with *plates*, such as Finden or
Heath,
If ev'n their professional feelings rebel,
Must praise on account (not in spite) of their
teeth.
Though by Fraser [2] cut up, and by Murray re-
viewed,
Lovegrove's articles all fit insertion have found.
We have cleared off our boards, but as business is
good,
We keep wetted for use, and for pleasure un-
bound.

But here not for pleasure alone are we stored
Like holiday tomes in our gilding so bright;
Some care 'tis our duty and wish to afford
In the moment of need to a less lucky wight,
Whose title is lost, and whose covers are torn,
When the moth has gnawed through, dust or
cobwebs surround,

[2] Mr. James Fraser, bookseller, publisher, and proprietor of the well-known magazine which goes by his name, died October 2, 1841.

And to lift on the shelf our poor brother forlorn,
As a much damaged old folio treasured by Lowndes.

Though his back stock of life may perchance weigh him down,
By our aid may the old heavy pressure be moved,
And new-titled we start him again on the town,
As a second edition revised and improved.
And for dealings like this a commission will find,
And that of a date that the primest is given,
The commission is—Strive to do good to mankind,
And the place of its date is no other than Heaven.

I won't keep the press waiting—my copy is gone,
Having finished a lay which Bob Fisher, perhaps,
May out of the head of old Caxton call one,
If not of his *Drawing*, yet *Dining-room Scraps;*
But as we all still think of Tom Talfourd's bill,
After sixty years' date, I respectfully beg,
As a knight of the quill, here to offer for *nil*,
My right in this song as a present to Tegg.

DR. MAGINN.

BOOKS.

(IN A VOLUME OF WESTALL'S MILTON.)

IN the dim room, upon the sofa lull'd—
With books strewed round as thick as wild flowers cull'd—

How oft has Spenser's vast and varied lay
Changed Pain's fierce imps to Paladin and Fay?—
Or Falstaff's wit—or Milton's solemn strain,
Cheer'd this weak frame and flagging sense again?—
O books!—O blessings!—Could the yellow ore
That countless sparkled in the Lydian's store,
Vie with the wealth ye lately flung round me—
That even forgetfulness of agony
With which, beneath the garden's cooling breeze,
(July's hot face still flashing through the trees)
Slow stole the fevers of Disease away;
While, bent o'er Tasso's sunbeam-written lay,
His own Armida in that Bower of Bliss
Shot to my heart a renovating kiss,
Till with Rinaldo I rush'd forth afar
Where loud on Zion burst the Red Cross war.

B. SIMMONS, *Blackwood*, October, 1841.

THE SOULS OF BOOKS.

I.

SIT here and muse!—it is an antique room—
High-roof'd, with casements, through whose purple pane
Unwilling Daylight stealing through the gloom,
Comes like a fearful stranger.
There THEY reign
(In loftier pomp than waking life had known),

The Kings of Thought !—not crown'd until the grave.
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer mounts the Monarch's throne !
Ye ever-living and imperial Souls,
Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe,
All that divide us from the clod ye gave !—
Law—Order—Love—Intelligence—the sense
Of Beauty—Music and the Minstrel's wreath !—
What were our wanderings if without your goals !
As air and light, the glory ye dispense
Becomes our being—who of us can tell
What he had been, had Cadmus never taught
To man the magic that embalms the thought—
Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung ?
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakspere sung !

II.

Hark ! while we muse, without the walls is heard
The various murmur of the labouring crowd.
How still, within those archive-cells interr'd,
The Calm Ones reign !—and yet they rouse the loud
Passions and tumults of the circling world !
From them, how many a youthful Tully caught
The zest and ardour of the eager Bar ;
From them, how many a young Ambition sought
Gay meteors glancing o'er the sands afar—
By them each restless wing has been unfurl'd,

And their ghosts urge each rival's rushing car !
They made yon Preacher zealous for the truth ;
They made yon Poet wistful for the star ;
Gave Age its pastime—fired the cheek of Youth—
The unseen sires of all our beings are,—

III.

And now so still ! This, Cicero, is thy heart ;
I hear it beating through each purple line.
This is thyself, Anacreon—yet, thou art
Wreath'd, as in Athens, with the Cnidian vine.
I ope thy pages, Milton, and, behold,
Thy spirit meets me in the haunted ground !—
Sublime and eloquent, as while, of old,
" It flamed and sparkled in its crystal bound ;"[1]
These *are* yourselves—your life of life ! The Wise,
(Minstrel or Sage) *out* of their books are clay ;
But *in* their books, as from their graves, they rise,
Angels—that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us !
Hark ! the world so loud,
And *they*, the movers of the world, so still !

What gives this beauty to the grave ? The shroud
Scarce wraps the Poet, than at once there cease
Envy and Hate ! " Nine cities claim him dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread !"
And what the charm that can such health distil
From wither'd leaves—oft poisons in their bloom ?

[1] *Comus.*

We call some books immoral! *Do they live?*
If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.
In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—
God wills that nothing evil shall endure;
The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
As the dust leaves the disembodied soul!
Come from thy niche, Lucretius! Thou didst give
Man the black creed of Nothing in the tomb!
Well, when we read thee, does the dogma taint?
No; with a listless eye we pass it o'er,
And linger only on the hues that paint
The Poet's spirit lovelier than his lore.
None learn from thee to cavil with their God;
None commune with thy genius to depart
Without a loftier instinct of the heart.
Thou mak'st no Atheist—thou but mak'st the mind
Richer in gifts which Atheists best confute—
FANCY AND THOUGHT! 'Tis these that from the sod
Lift us! The life which soars above the brute
Ever and mightiest, breathes from a great Poet's lute!
Lo! that grim Merriment of Hatred,[2]—born
Of him,—the Master-Mocker of Mankind,
Beside the grin of whose malignant spleen
Voltaire's gay sarcasm seems a smile serene,—
Do we not place it in our children's hands,
Leading young Hope through Lemuel's fabled lands?

[2] *Gulliver's Travels.*

God's and man's libel in that fool Yahoo!—
Well, and what mischief can the libel do?
O impotence of Genius to belie
Its glorious task—its mission from the sky!
Swift wrote this book to wreak a ribald scorn
On aught the Man should love or Priest should mourn,
And lo! the book, from all its end beguil'd,
A harmless wonder to some happy child!

IV.

All books grow homilies by time; they are
Temples, at once, and Landmarks. In them, we
Who *but* for them, upon that inch of ground
We call "THE PRESENT," from the cell could see
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar;
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
And feel the Near less household than the Far!
Traverse all space, and number every star,
There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
A disinterr'd Pompeii wakes again
For him who seeks yon well; lost cities give
Up their untarnish'd wonders, and the reign
Of Jove revives and Saturn:—At our will
Rise dome and tower on Delphi's sacred hill;
Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe;[3]—along
Leucadia's headland, sighs the Lesbian's song;

[3] Plutarch, in *Vit. Cim.*

With Ægypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile,
And learn how worlds are barter'd for a smile :—
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er,
Ope but that page—lo, Babylon once more !

v.

Ye make the Past our heritage and home :
And is this all ? No ! by each prophet-sage—
No ; by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
That rose on Bethlehem—by thy golden page,
Melodious Plato—by thy solemn dreams,
World-wearied Tully !—and, above ye all,
By THIS, the Everlasting Monument
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day—our lights ye are
To the dark Bourne beyond ; in you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is THE TO-COME ;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall ;
In you the FUTURE as the PAST is given—
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth ;—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without our gravestone left upon the Earth !

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.
Eva, and Other Poems, 1842

BIBLIOMANIAC BALLAD.

[These verses are quoted from Timperley's *Songs of the Press*, 1845. The Roxburghe Club was instituted in London on June 17th, 1812, to commemorate the sale of the Valdarfer *Boccaccio*, which realised £2,260, at that time the highest sum ever paid for a book. The club consisted of thirty-one of the most eminent book-collectors in the kingdom, the Earl Spencer being President. The club is still in existence, the Marquis of Salisbury being President, but only a few of its members are book-collectors. As regards this ingenious and not particularly poetical series of verses —which at once recalls Homer's list of ships—the allusions and puns will be readily understood by those who are intimate with the annals of English printing. To those who may not happen to be so familiar, it should be pointed out that the apparently obscure allusions have reference to the mottoes and devices employed by the printers mentioned, *e.g.* "*Arise, it is Day*," was the motto used by John Day.—Ed.]

TO the **Roxburghe Club**, by way of dedication,
And all **black letter Dogs** who have passed initiation:

These.

My late good-natur'd Eame oft would preach long and sage,
Censure idling of youth, extol virtues of age;
For he lov'd his old acres, old woods, and old rooks,
And his old easy chair, with old wine, and old books.

As he's dead, it were well in his library seat,
Conning technical phrases that he'd oft repeat,
And old printers' names from their colophons catch,
To write life bibl'ographic:—take scrip of the sketch.

Though born **Georgii primo** he a CAXTON would prize
'Bove ten full-bottom'd Caxons to curl round his eyes:
And the *spell* of **black letter** he ne'er thought absurd,
For young *bibliomaniacs* love WYNKYN THE WORDE.

In a *rebus* no lady was half so deep read,
Or statesman with *devices* ere cramm'd so his head;
He his CREED thought *unknown*, but for WHITCHURCH would pray,
And in dark WINTER'S morn, cry: "*Arise, it is* DAY!"

Long a LEGATE he sought, and a HOOD kept with care,
For saints, JULIAN NOTARY, and CRISPIN were there;
Though proud of an EMPEROUR, he'd an OLIVE display,
But like TURK to the poor ne'er gave PENNY away.

No FOREST he knew, he would swear by the ROOD,
Had *oak covers* to equal his BLACKS—or Cawood;

That the FIELD and the SHAW, and the BANKS near at hand,
Were unrivall'd, by his WAY—and Copland.

On the *ton* of Dame Fashion he laid little stress,
Save NOR-TON and SINGLE-TON in *vellum* we guess;
While GRAF-TON with MIDDLE-TON stood cheek by jowl,
Unique Mayster FOLLING-TON raptur'd his soul.

Oft with smile showing JOY he called England his own;
Boasted BARLEY though *short* and his CORNE *stain'd and* BROWN,
When LYNNE'S *goats* were *fox'd* he'd a simile steal,
'Twas in no case to sacrifice ABRAHAM'S VEALE.

He as FISHER caught FRIES (*Walton* tells no such thing),
While the barb of his HOOKE held the BATE for a LING:
Then he'd COUSIN a CHAPMAN or KNIGHT to the treat,
Which the BUTLER and COOKE serv'd with CHARD that was *beat.*

WISE or WODE he would HUNT a bold Rider for HILLS,
With STIRRUP and REYNES seeking IOHN, NICK and WILL'S;

As a FOULER he'd WYER that no WOODCOCKS
could spring ;
At the MEUSE, or in MARSHE, cast of Merlin like
KYNGE.

As he tippled his ypocras, malmsey, or sack,
With PINSON, like BEDEL, standing close at his
back,
He held converse with BERTHELET, GODFRAY, or
FAQUES,
Or would chaunt all the *carols* of KELE with new
shakes.

If careless with BILLY MACHLINA he sate,
A WOLFE upon this side, and a LYON on that,
Why his PORTER, or CARTER, or SHEPPERDE
was bid,
Of late, to place NELSON as a guard to his KID.

INSOMUCH as 'twas princely he ne'er would com-
plain,
That no spinster once PREST him when LUSTE
fill'd his brain ;
He in *sheets* long'd for widows : widow REDMAN
his joy,
He clasp'd widow CHARLEWOOD and kept HER-
FORD to TOY.

Thus his heart was *unbound*, as love's BOWER
gave room ;
Widow YETSWEIRT was there, and the widows
JOAN BROOME,

JOAN WOLFE and JOAN ORWIN, and while soft things he'd utter
Of famous JOAN JUGGE, he would melt for JOAN BUTTER.

The *sygne of the sunne* might its radiance exhaust,
To count up from TREVERIS to old German FAUST:
He had POWELL for *Ireland*, LEPREWIK the SCOTT,
But WELCH THACKWELL, uncertain, my Eame never got.

When his FLOWER was *cropt* he'd show MANTELL *uncut*,
He'd a VOWELL *inlaid*, and made HARRY TAR strut
By *Charles Lewis* in *hogskin*, who *bound* his *tall* MAN,
'Twas with SCARLET in *bands*, DEXTER *gilding* the van.

Here a *learned* CLARKE'S PEN might most glowingly speak
Of the bright blazing *red* in the *lettres gothiques:*
Of *margins illumin'd*, and how *borders display*
Death and cardinal virtues inviting to pray.

Then rich *missal* unfold, where the PAINTER bears part,
Whose colouring, though matchless, shows infantine art;

In *romance* seek a monster that with no text agreeth,
Nor thing heavenly, earthly, or in wave beneath.

Nor forget the *wood-cuts* that such raptures afford,
Whose inventor founds lineage of *Andreas Boarde:*
And refer for choice *specimens* stole from that mint,
Unto Dibdin's new *Ames*, or a Triphook's *reprint.*

But he's gone:—can one TRIPLET his memory save?
Can his BISHOP inter him? his BOYS WAL-DE-GRAVE?
With but *putting in boards* can his spirit be fled?
Why he ne'er got a COFFIN until he was dead!

Ah, no, with his *volumes* would tarry his soul,
Could *folios*, could big-belly'd *quartos* control,
Or *octavos et infra;* nay, studious be seen
With a *twelves* in *morocco*, or *russia sixteen.*

Shade of PATERSON, shall his *collection* disperse,
And *one alphabet crush every class, prose and verse?*
Nor tell all that the *imp.* on *fly leaf* can portend?
Nor *imp.* that he hallow'd and no *devil* could *mend?*

What his *coll.* and *per.* means, leave the novice to guess;
Or, when made in *facsimile per. by MS.*
Leave surprise and delight for maniacal lover,
Neat joints, hollow back, and *small squares* to discover.

Leave EDITIO PRINCEPS, *uncut*, UNIQUE, *rare*,
With SMALL CAPS. and *italics*, friend LEIGH to declare
By *large paper catalogue* at *hammer's* decision,
As BEN *measures margin* to enter *commission*.

CRISTOFER VALDARFER.

MY BOOKS.

MY benison upon you, Books,—
Upon your ever-constant looks!
Still the same seems every tome
To welcome me as I come home.

Now from our daily task releast,
I can hold my nightly feast;
With philosophers discourse,
Wonder at polemics hoarse,—
Feed on rhyme or flirt with rumour,
As may best befit my humour.

Blessed comforters are ye,—
Well-springs of serenity,—
Curing all sad perturbations
With your silent inspirations!
Bitter thought ye soothe, I wist,
Leading Fancy as ye list.
When the soul is running riot,
Ye restore her with your quiet;

Or from brooding sorrow wean,
Scene revealing after scene—
Pointing upwards to the Holy,
Guiding downwards to the Lowly,
Drawing onwards to the Right,
Love inspiring—or delight—
As I turn your varied pages,
Stamped with brain-work of the ages.

Oh how sweet when I come home
To see around me many a tome :
Here to revel—there to muse,
Glean or wander as I chuse !
One or two—so seems to me—
Throb with echoes from the sea,
And in some my sense perceives
The melody of forest leaves ;
Here is one—a bosom book—
That babbles like a mountain brook ;
Another yet is gorgeous, still,
As sunset on a distant hill.
Endless landscapes cross my room,
Fancy-decked in twilight gloom ;
Autumn, Winter, Summer, Spring,
Wizard books, ye changeful bring !
Something apt for each emotion,
Love, or gladness, or devotion.
Ye to me—instead of wife,
Instead of child—are second life.

Yet at will give up your knowledge
Such as may befit a college,

Tortured into rigid rules,
Vexed with learning of the schools :—
Or ye proffer information
With an easy salutation,
As tho' meant, with purpose sly,
To put one off till by-and-by,
And leave me, after all endeavour,
In doubt of what is wise or clever.

Some of ye are as a stream
In whose depths rare jewels gleam.
Happy he who kneels to drink,
Leaning o'er the steepy brink,
Catching through the current's flow
Flashes from the gems below.

Admonishers of strife and folly,
Soothers of black melancholy,
Gentle, most persuasive Teachers,
Or authoritative Preachers ;
Companions full of life and spirit,
Mentors who some grudge inherit.
Sometimes full of queerest fancies,
Vague as jack-o'-lantern dances :—
Other while ye are as prim
As Quakers neat, sedate, and trim.
Three or four are jolly fellows,
Whom time fortifies and mellows ;
Some make pretensions to be witty,
Others chant a stirring ditty ;—

Suiting every time and season
With a rhyme or with a reason.

Books beloved, ye are to me
An unretorting family:
Ye for each day's irritation
Always bring a compensation.
How shall sadness come or gloom
While ye lie about my room,
Looking down from friendly nooks?
——My benison upon you, Books!

W. —— *The Athenæum*, August 25, 1849.



OLD STORY BOOKS.

OLD Story Books! Old Story Books! we owe
ye much, old friends,
Bright-colour'd threads in Memory's warp, of
which Death holds the ends.
Who can forget ye? who can spurn the ministers
of joy
That waited on the lisping girl and petticoated boy?
I know that ye could win my heart when every
bribe or threat
Failed to allay my stamping rage, or break my
sullen pet:
A "promised story" was enough—I turned, with
eager smile,
To learn about the naughty "pig that would not
mount the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore whereon I used
to stand,
With mighty question in my head and penny in
my hand;
Where motley sweets and crinkled cakes made up
a goodly show,
And "story books," upon a string, appeared in
brilliant row.
What should I have? the peppermint was incense
in my nose,
But I heard of "hero Jack," who slew his giant
foes:
My lonely coin was balanced long, before the
tempting stall,
'Twixt book and bull's eye—but, forsooth! "Jack"
got it after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold embossed,"
"morocco," "roan," and "calf,"
The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by
half;
And as to pictures—well we know that never one
was made
Like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his
wife-destroying blade.
"Hume's England"—pshaw! what history of
battles, states, and men,
Can vie with Memoirs "all about sweet little
Jenny Wren"?

And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nation dumb,
To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas Thumb"!

Miss "Riding Hood," poor luckless child! my heart grew big with dread
When the grim "wolf," in grandmamma's best bonnet, showed his head;
I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped beneath,
And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered at "great teeth."
And then the "House that Jack built," and the "Beanstalk" Jack cut down,
And "Jack's eleven brothers," on their travels of renown;
And "Jack," whose cracked and plaster'd head ensured him lyric fame,
These, these, methinks, make "vulgar Jack" a rather classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well; but, better still the bear
That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and care.
I lingered spell-bound o'er the page, though eventide wore late,
And left my supper all untouch'd to fathom "Orson's" fate.

Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble
band were they,
We'll never see the like again, go hunting where
we may.
In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy
bore me on,
Through Sherwood's dewy forest paths, close after
"Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long
their reigning powers,
Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my
flying hours;
And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me
on his track,
And set me shouting when he flung the old man
from his back.
And oh! that tale—the matchless tale that made
me dream at night—
Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and Friday's
death-spur'd flight;
Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions,
see
The savage dancers on the sand—the raft upon
the sea.

Old story books! old story books! I doubt if
"Reason's Feast"
Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty
and the Beast";

I doubt if all the ledger-leaves that bear a sterling sum,
Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's plum."
Old story books! old story books! I never pass ye by
Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though 'tis sly;
And fair suspicion may arise—that yet my spirit grieves
For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's Thieves."

ELIZA COOK.

I CANNOT GET A PUBLISHER.

I CANNOT get a publisher, my case is very hard,
I've struggled long to gain the name of novelist or bard;
I've six Romances *cut and dry*, of epics I have more;
I've written ballads by the yard, and sonnets by the score:
One morn I penn'd a tragedy, a bloody tale of woe,
It breath'd of daggers, fire, and death, with four mad scenes or so;
I read it to a manager from curtain's rise to fall,
He bade me cut it to a farce—the cruellest *cut* of all.

Then OLIVER I thought would take my tale,
Roland the True;
But a "Roland for an Oliver" I found here would
not do.
The CHAMBERSES their chambers keep whene'er on
them I call,
And BRADFUTE quickly makes light foot between
me and the wall;
And he who talked of "types" and "tomes" has
also turned my foe—
Ye're no sae kind's you should hae been, JOHN
ANDERSON my joe!

I cannot get a publisher! and what is to be done?
My Perryian pen will pen no more, my inky stream
is *run.*
Go, get a goose-quill! sink expense! come wind,
blow rack or rain,
Big with a summer tragedy, I'll try the field again!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

OFTEN have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me.

W. WORDSWORTH.

A LITERARY LABORATORY.

LO! in that quiet and contracted room,
Where the lone lamp just mitigates the gloom,
Sits a pale student—stirred with high desires,
With lofty principles and gifted fires;—
From time to time, with calm, enquiring looks,
He culls the ore of wisdom from his books;—
Clears it, sublimes it, till it flows refined
From his alembic crucible of mind.

J. C. PRINCE.

THE BOOKWORM'S LULLABY.*

TRAVELLER, rest! thy journey o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream not of the toils of war,
Or of any sense of squeaking.
In our Isle's poetic hall
Fairies are thy straw-bed strewing;
From evening unto morning, ALL
Keep foes from ev'n thy eye-lids dewing.

Traveller, rest! thy journey o'er,
Dream of warring fools no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Fairies seal thy eye-lids sleeping.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Sherwood clang, or Jerry stamping;
Such, no, durst not enter here,
 Fear they L—g——n's squadron trampling.
Should the screech-owl o'er thee fly,
Look not thou with phiz awry,
 Nor let thy knees bespeak amazement;
E'en should th' aerial forms appear,
Sent to daunt thee—do not fear,
Scoff ye at them while advancing,
And they'll soon be backward prancing.

Traveller, rest! thy journey's done,
 Though poetic brawls assail ye;
Dream not with the rising sun
 Jerry's horns will sound reveille.

Sleep! the hunter's in his den;
 Sleep! his hounds are by him lying;
Sleep! nor dream on hill, in glen,
 Thy poetic muse lies dying.

Traveller, rest! thy journey's done,
Think not of the coming sun,
For at dawning, to assail ye,
Jerry-horns won't sound reveille.

ON ANDREW TORAQUEAU,

[Who is said to have produced a book and a child every year, till there were twenty of each; or, as some say, thirty. This, combined with the fact that he was a water-drinker, was the occasion of the following epitaph:—]

HERE lies a man, who, drinking only water,
Wrote twenty books, with each had son or daughter.
Had he but used the juice of generous vats,
The world would scarce have held his books and brats.

O FOR A BOOK!

O FOR a Booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out,
With the greene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
Or the Streete cryes all about,
Where I may Reade all at my ease,
Both of the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than Golde.

Old English Song.

MY BOOKS.

ALL round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim;
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late;
All from the old world's divine and distant date,
From the sublimer few,
Down to the poet who but yester-eve
Sang sweet and made us grieve,
All come, assembling here in order due.
And here I dwell with Poesy, my mate,
With Erato and all her vernal sighs,
Great Clio with her victories elate,
Or pale Urania's deep and starry eyes.
Oh friends, whom chance and change can never harm,
Whom Death the tyrant cannot doom to die,
Within whose folding soft eternal charm
I love to lie
And meditate upon your verse that flows,
And fertilizes wheresoe'er it goes.

BARRY CORNWALL [BRYAN WALLER PROCTER], *An Autobiographical Fragment*, 1877.

ON CERTAIN BOOKS.

FAITH and fixt hope these pages may peruse,
And still be faith and hope; but, O ye winds!
Blow them far off from all unstable minds,
And foolish grasping hands of youth! Ye dews
Of heaven! be pleased to rot them where they fall,
Lest loitering boys their fancies should abuse,
And they get harm by chance, that cannot choose;
So be they stain'd and sodden, each and all!
And if, perforce, on dry and gusty days,
Upon the breeze some truant leaf should rise,
Brittle with many weathers, to the skies,
Or flit and dodge about the public ways—
Man's choral shout, or organ's peal of praise,
Shall shake it into dust, like older lies.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

A SCHOLAR'S LIBRARY.

THE Elzevirs
Have fly-leaves over-written by his hand
In faded notes, as thick and fine and brown
As cob-webs on a tawny monument
Of the old Greeks,—*Conferenda hæc cum his—*
Corruptè citat—lege potiùs,—
And so on, in the scholar's regal way

Of giving judgment on the parts of speech,
As if he sate on all twelve thrones up-piled
Arraigning Israel.

E. B. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh.* Book V.



PRISON THOUGHTS.

BOOKS, dear books,
Have been, and are my comforts morn and night,
Adversity, health, sickness,—good or ill report,
The same firm friends; the same refreshments rich,
And source of consolation.

REV. W. DODD.



FROM THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

MAY this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd,
Till an ant has drunk up the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

Paris, 1507.

NOTES AND INDEX.

NOTES.

Page 1.—"A Fifteenth-Century Proem."

A variant of this "invocation" will be found in the edition of Glanville printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1498. Dibdin reprints it in his edition of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, 1810.

Page 4.—"To His Book."

This copy of the MS. of Lydgate's *Boke of the Siege of Troye* was offered in Longman's Catalogue of 1818 for £350. As it is a large folio of 346 pages, the author's notions of a "litel boke" were decidedly curious. The title, or more correctly the first page, of the work is in red ink, and contains an illuminated painting which represents Lydgate on his knees presenting the book to Henry V.

Page 5.—"Chaucer's A B C."

The following quotation from the first volume of Professor Skeat's Chaucer (p. 59) will explain with sufficient fulness the origin and history of this vigorous poem: "Guillaume De Deguilleville, a Cistercian monk in the royal abbey of Chalis, in the year 1330 or 1331, wrote a poem entitled *Pèlerinage de la Vie humaine*. Of this there are two extant English translations, one in prose and one in verse, the latter being

attributed to Lydgate. Of the prose translation four copies exist. In all of these, Chaucer's A B C is inserted, in order to give a verse rendering of a similar prayer in verse in the original. Of Lydgate's verse translation there is a copy in MS. Cotton, Vitell. c. xiii. (ff. 255-6), and when he comes to the place where the verse prayer occurs in his original, he says that, instead of translating the prayer himself, he will quote Chaucer's translation, observing,—

> " ' My mayster Chaucer, in hys tyme,
> Affter the Frenchs he dyde yt ryme.'

Curiously enough, he does not do so; a blank space was left in the MS. for the scribe to copy it out, but it was never filled in." A full digest of the poem itself will be found in Mr. Ward's admirable *Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum* (ii., 571-7).

Page 7.—"A Bookworm."

In addition to the extract given here, it may be mentioned that the original translation contains three bookish pieces in the preliminary matter—"Alexander Barclay Excusynge the Rudeness of his Translacion," "An Exhortacion of Alexander Barclay," and "Barclay the Translatour tho the Foles."

Page 18.—"Address to his Book."

Bellenden's translation of *Hector Boece, hys Cronikles of Scotland*, was made and published, not with a view to general circulation, but for the use of a few of the young nobility, whose education had not been strictly conformable to the statute. The verse quoted is the fifteenth of the twenty-nine which constitute Bellenden's "Proheme."

Page 26.—"To his Booke."

The "president of nobleness and of chivalry" is Sir Philip Sidney, to whom *The Shepheardes Calendar* is "entitled."

Page 36.—"Concerning the Honour of Books."

This sonnet is by some attributed to Samuel Daniel. It is prefixed to the second edition of John Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1613. The matter is fully discussed in Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets*, p. 248.

Page 57.—"On the Books of Solomon."

The following couplet "On Reading Dr. Trapp's Translation of Virgil" may be quoted here :—

"Read the commandments, friend, translate no further:
For it is written, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

Page 59.—"An Author's Opinion of his own Book."

This volume is described by Lowndes as the lucubrations of a soldier who served in the Dutch and Spanish wars. His name was probably Raymond, and he was intimate or connected with the noble family of Bellasise. The "Rymes" are chiefly lyrical and amatory.

Page 61.—"The Book."

Dr. Grosart, in his monumental edition of Vaughan's poems, points out that "the cover" in the third verse alludes to the massive wooden side-covers of old books. We may here draw the reader's attention to another set of bookish verses by Vaughan, namely, "To the Holy Bible."

Page 64.—"THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS."

The first four "chants" of *La Lutrin* were published in 1674, and the last two not until 1681. The most charming edition of this "ingénieuse et élégant plaisanterie, chef-d'œuvre de versification digne d'un moins mince sujet," is that published in the complete *Œuvres* of Boileau at the Hague by Pierre de Hondt, in 1729, with Bernard Picart's illustrations. *La Lutrin* occurs in the second volume; the poem is comprised of over 1,200 lines in the original.

Pages 73 *and* 75.—"VERSES TO BE PREFIXED TO LINTOT'S MISCELLANY," AND "ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS."

These are variously attributed to Pope, Swift, and Gay, and are to be found in each collected edition of the works of the three poets. The probability is that the first was written by Pope and the second by Gay.

Page 74.—"TO A YOUNG LADY WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE."

The young lady is Miss Teresa Blount. This epistle, like that which precedes it and that which follows it, was first published in Lintot's *Miscellany*.

Page 86.—"THE BOOKWORM."

This poem is founded on the lines of Théodore de Bèze, "Ad Musas, Tineæ Sacrificium ludicrum." See the *Veselii Poemata*, printed at Paris by Badius in 1548, p. 69; and subsequent editions. It is also included in the edition of the *Poemata* which Bernard Lintot published in London in 1713. It is more than passing strange that the poetical works of De Bèze are practically unknown in an English dress.

Page 93.—"To his Book."

Timperley, in his *Songs of the Press*, states that these verses appeared in the *Annual Register*, 1793, but that is a mistake. The original is one of two odes which were discovered in the Palatine Library, and communicated to the world by Gaspar Pallavicini, the sub-librarian of that institution. They appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1778, and in the *Annual Register*, 1777, where they are described as Odes 39 and 40 of the First Book of Horace. In the former periodical the originals are given with an elaborate commentary, and the entire article appears to be an original communication from Pallavicini to the magazine. A translation was requested, and the next issue contained a version of Ode 39, and the number for April published three more versions of this Ode, and an exceedingly indifferent one of Ode 40. The translator of the lines on page 93 is unknown, unless, indeed, they were translated by Timperley—which is most unlikely—from whose *Songs of the Press* they are taken. It is almost needless to say that they have not been accepted as by Horace by his editors, although the example which more immediately concerns us is a charming little poem, quite Horatian in spirit. The original lines are as follows:—

Ad Librum Suum.

Dulci libello nemo sodalium
Forsan meorum charior extitit:
De te merenti quid fidelis
Officium Domino rependes?

Te Roma cautum territat ardua!
Depone vanos invidiæ metus;
Urbisque, fidens dignitati,
Per plateas animosus audi.

En quo furentes Eumenidum choros
Disjecit almo fulmine Jupiter!
Huic ara stabit, fama cantu
Perpetuo celebranda crescet.

Page 97.—"THE LIBRARY."

Crabbe is so little read now that it needs much temerity to reprint the whole of this poem. But "The Library" has many poetic beauties to which extracts would not do justice. The *Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble,* which Mr. Bentley has lately published, contains more than one eloquent protest against the neglect into which Crabbe has fallen. Byron considered "Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of genius." Burke describes him as having the mind and the feelings of a gentleman; and it was to Burke that, in want and danger, the unknown poet sent this poem; the great statesman at once saw its merit, befriended the author, and procured its publication.

Page 123.—"THE BIBLIOMANIA."

The first edition of this poem was issued as a separate quarto pamphlet in 1809. It is reprinted in the second volume of the second edition of this author's *Illustrations of Sterne, and Other Essays,* 1812. (This extremely entertaining edition contains an account of the Shandy Library, or books which Sterne made use of.) *The Bibliomania* reprinted on p. 123 is as the poem appeared when first issued; the second edition contains about 140 additional lines, which are not here included. A few of the footnotes have also been curtailed.

Page 137.—"OVER THE THRESHOLD OF MY LIBRARY."

The Latin original of this poem is quoted by Dibdin in *Bibliomania*, p. 606, and is as follows:—

IN MUSEI MEI ADITU.

Pontificum videas penetralibus eruta lapsis
Antiquas Monachum vellera passa manus,
Et veteres puncto sine divisore Papyros,
Quæque fremit monstris litera picta suis;
Ætatis decimæ spectes Industria Quintæ:
Quam pulcra Archetypos imprimat arte Duces
ALDINAS ædes ineuns et limina JUNTÆ
Quosque suos Stephanus vellet habere Lares.

REV. HENRY I. THOMAS DRURY (died 1834).

Page 147.—"ONE VOLUME MORE."

Lest it should be thought that so genuine a book-lover as Sir Walter Scott wrote only one set of verses in praise of books, we quote the following lines from the lengthy introduction "To Richard Heber, Esq.," to the sixth canto of *Marmion*:—

"But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can renew
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.

Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who of all who thus employ them,
Can, like their owner's self, enjoy them?"

Page 161.—"THE LONDON BOOKSELLERS."

Nearly all the booksellers referred to in this set of verses are extinct. The exceptions are Messrs. Longmans, Hatchards—as a matter of fact there are no Hatchards in the present firm of that name, but the business is in a flourishing condition—Ridgway and Bumpus.

Page 193.—"THE BOOKWORM'S LULLABY."

This is an obvious parody on Scott; but of the author we have been able to discover nothing. It occurs in an incomplete volume which the present writer fished out of a fourpenny box. An inquiry in *Notes and Queries* has failed to elicit any information respecting its title or author.

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